OF THE BLADE

A TECHNOBLADE FANZINE

To The Blade
A Collaborative Zine for Technoblade

To The Blade: A Technoblade Fanzine

Organized by ariziac

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TO THE BLADE

A Technoblade Fanzine

Foreword

Hello there! Welcome To The Blade: A Technoblade Zine that celebrates his 10 Million Subscriber goal!

This zine is a collection of art that are based around Technoblade's most iconic videos and moments. Through this, the artists and writers involved wanted to show our appreciation for his content. We appreciate how much it has made us laugh, cry, tweet in excitement and most importantly, how much we connected as a community through it!

To Techno, if you are reading this, we would like to thank you for bringing us amazing and entertaining content of our favorite block game! Thank you for making us laugh and helping us get through the toughest of times. Thank you inspiring us to make art, in all kinds of forms.

To the viewer, Technoblade enjoyer, or even Technoblade himself, hope you like this! Enjoy! :]

— Zia @ariziac

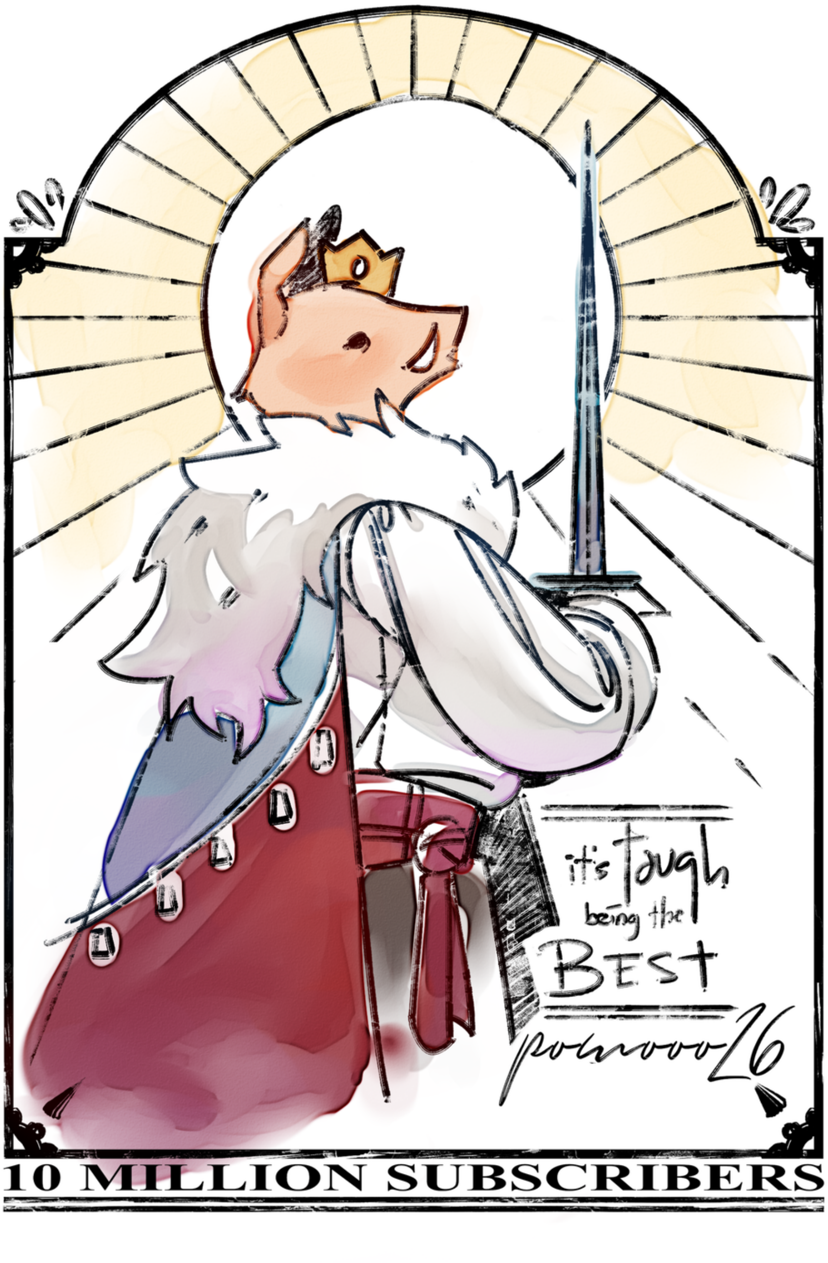
WARNING!

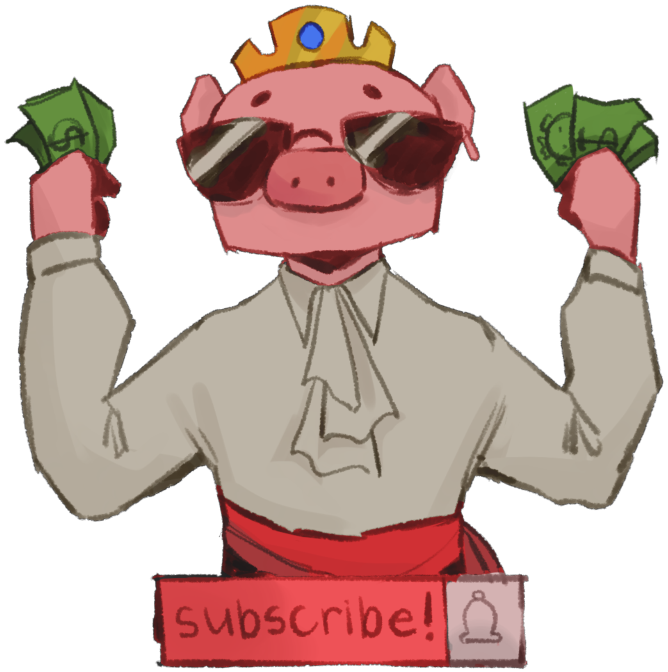
Some of the following works
ahead may have mentions and/or
depictions of blood.
Reader discretion is advised

TABLE OF CONTENTS

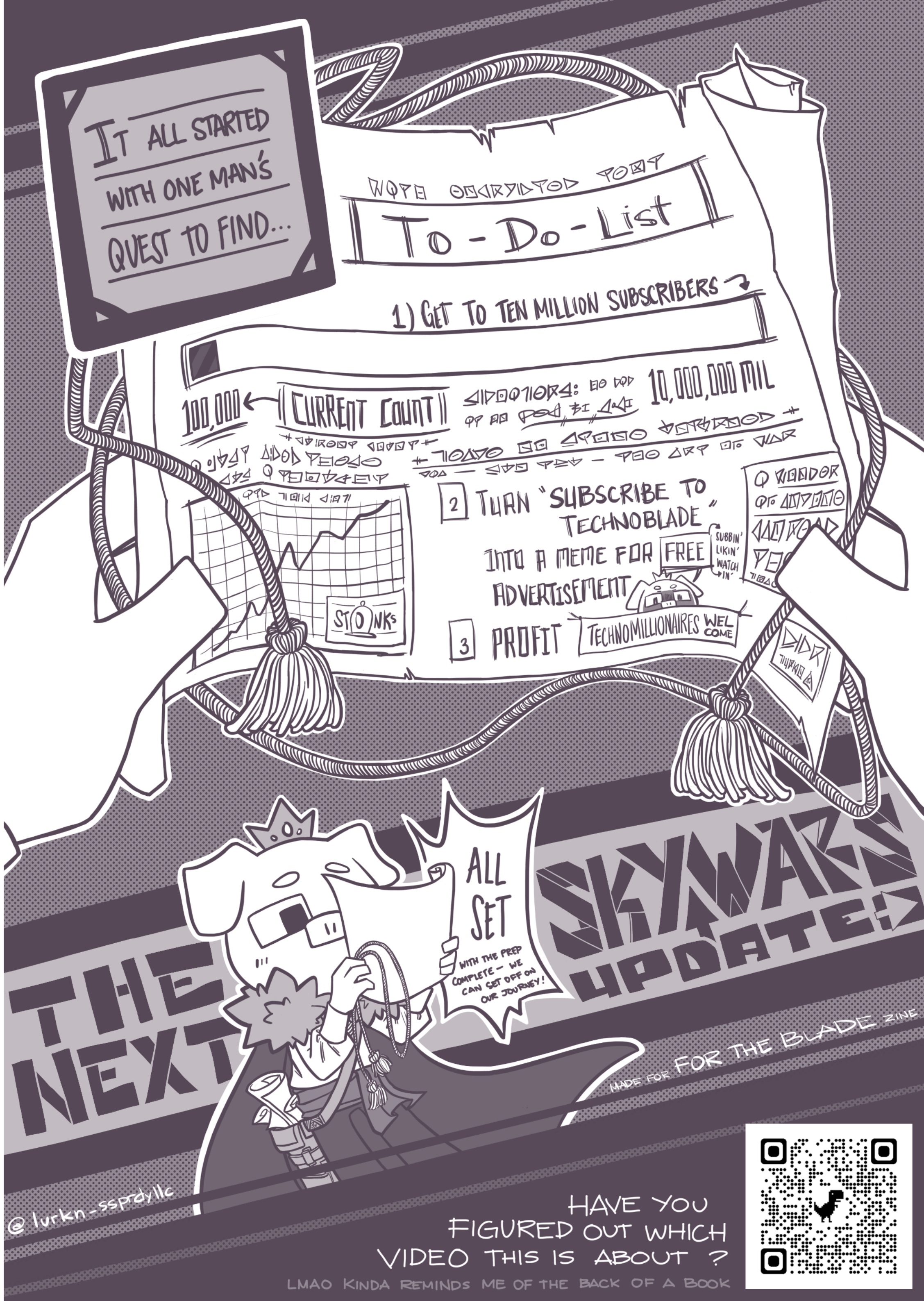
Youtube Sent me a Thing - Spur
Proof I don't Autoclick - Yuan The Great
Blitz - Zia
Bedwars Winstreak - Ino
Hunger Games - TakayamaKieran
beating minecraft hardcore with a steering wheel - Kallisto
A World of Technoblade - kneeva
Survival Games - AMA
Minecraft Storymode - AMA
Minecraft Monday - Kiwiest
[PIG +++] Rank - yapsatcha
the hypixel skyblock experience - Karithescarf
flying in skyblock - ether
the deadliest sword in skyblock - plag
TNT (Minecraft but TNT Spawns on me Every 10 Seconds) - AMA
fastest man in skyblock - Raylir
The History of Technoblade (1M Subscribers) - soup
The Time I Conquered SMP Earth - Sabreel
trolling skeppy - ether
EVERYONE ABOARD THE TECHNOPLANE! - Block Art
Bullying Tommy and Philza with my Goons - Milqtea
MCC 4 - Cryss
of sharp edges and golden coins - SummoningFailed
The Potato War - Cody
The Potato War - lvrkaz
The Potato War - Bleu
Dream vs Technoblade: The $100,000 Duel - Azr
four to four - Sendy
The Red Festival - Jen
The Red Festival - Inktea
You want to be a hero Tommy? - Weaskie
The voices demand blood - Jayv
The voices demand blood - Aegis
Welcome Home, Theseus - pamelloe
DSMP Pets! - croudjay
I AM A PERSON! - dot / krow
vengeance on a god - Kate
I Choose Blood - Kloki
The Syndicate - Yuan The Great
The Uprising - Cryss
the sun rises again - dot / krow
I Must Win Mr. Beast's $10,000 Refrigerator - Eli
Destroying Friendships with the Gravity Mod - TGDraw

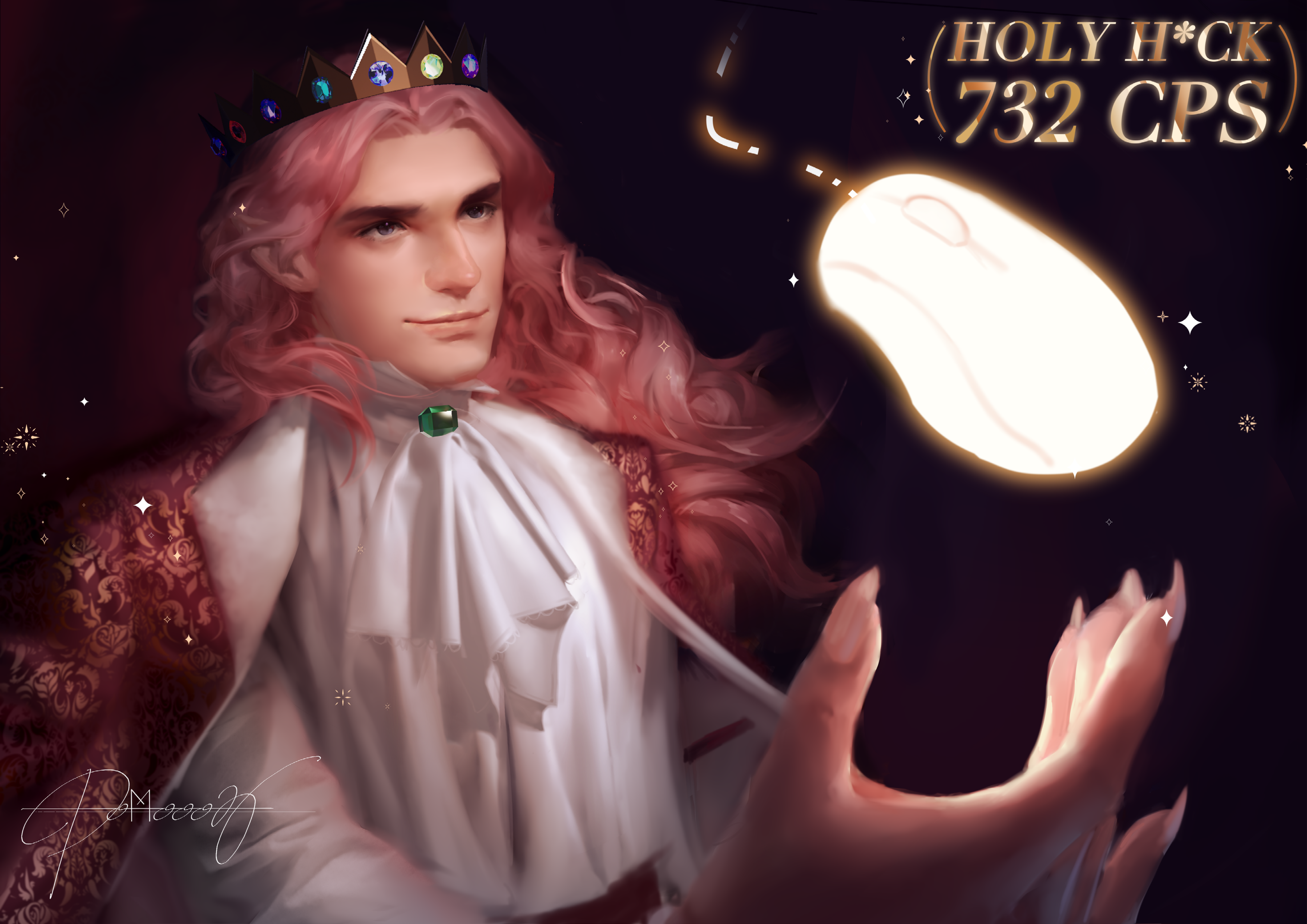
hmm what does this do

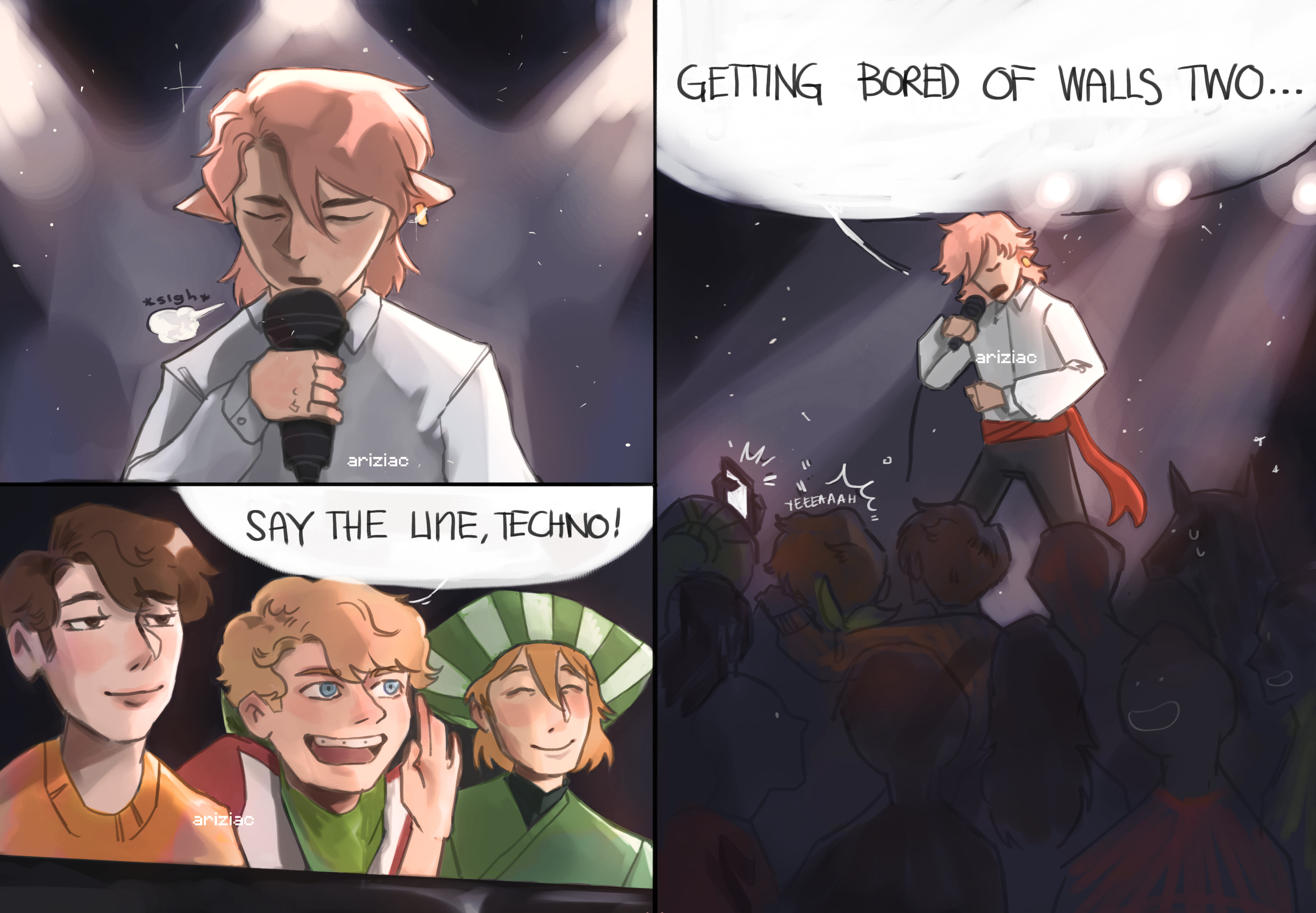

it's tough
being the
BEST
pomooo26
10 MILLION SUBSCRIBERS



art by ariziac


IT ALL STARTED WITH ONE MAN'S QUEST TO FIND...
To - Do - List
1) GET TO TEN MILLION SUBSCRIBERS
100,000
CURRENT COUNT
10,000,000 MIL
STONKS
2 TURN "SUBSCRIBE TO TECHNOBLADE" INTO A MEME FOR FREE ADVERTISEMENT
SUBBIN' LIKIN' WATCHIN'
3 PROFIT
TECHNOMILLIONAIRES WELCOME
ALL SET
WITH THE PREP COMPLETE - WE CAN SET OFF ON OUR JOURNEY!
THE NEXT SKYWARS UPDATE
MADE FOR FOR THE BLADE ZINE
@ lurkn-ssprdyllc
HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT WHICH VIDEO THIS IS ABOUT ?
LMAO KINDA REMINDS ME OF THE BACK OF A BOOK


(HOLY H*CK
732 CPS)


sigh
SAY THE LINE, TECHNO!
GETTING BORED OF WALLS TWO...
YEEEAAAH

ariziac

Achievment Made!
1400 Win Streak!
BED DESTROYED
?!
INOZUART

THE BLOOD GOD HAS SPOKEN! GLADIATORS, LET US COMMENCE THE ANNUAL HUNGER GAMES!
ILLUSTRATION BY TAKAYAMA KIERAN
DO NOT REPOST

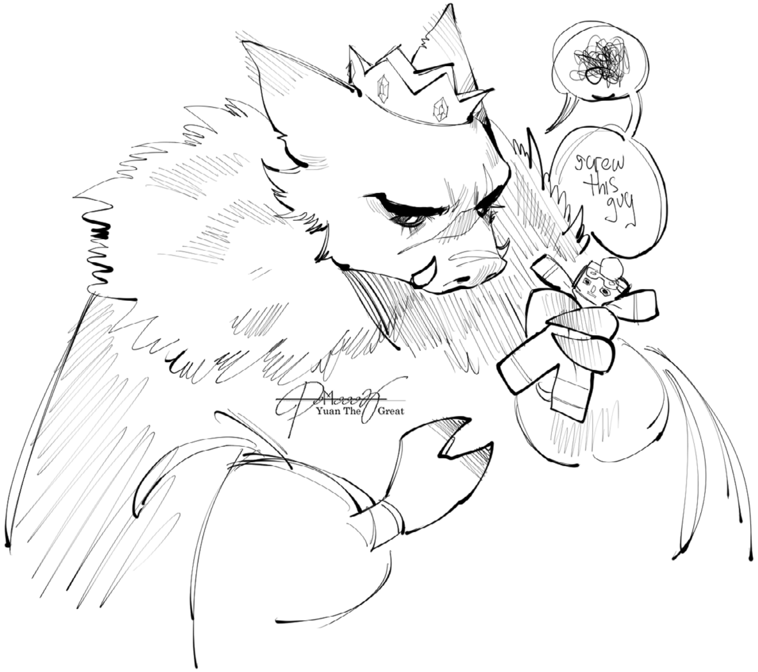
Survival Games

My level is low
Please don’t call the blitz police
Oh look diamond boots

haiku by AMA

art by rna1045

?
?
?
~~techno~~ KNEEVA


screw this guy
Yuan The Great

Minecraft Storymode

We're saving the world
With the power of friendship
Unless it's Lukas

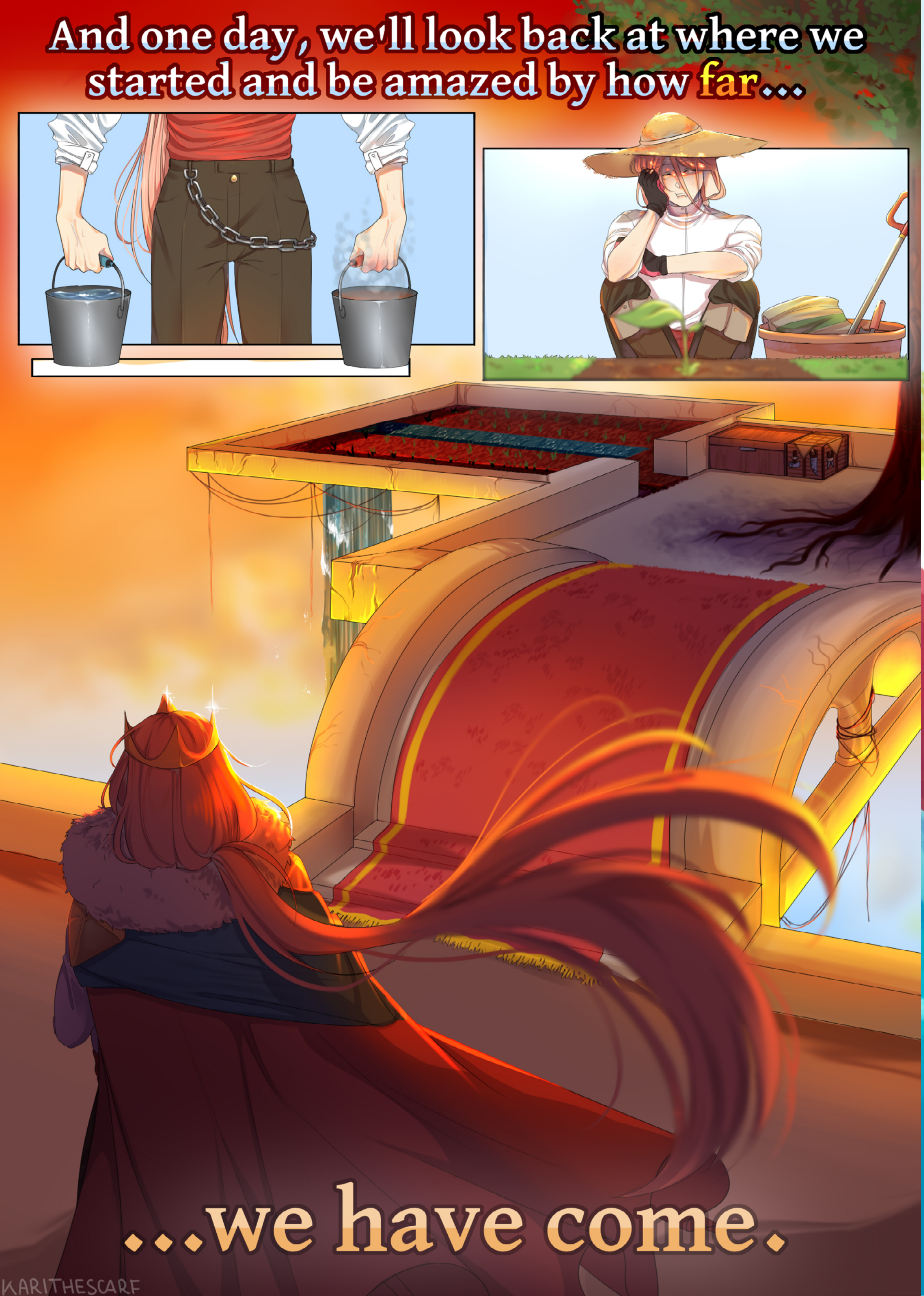
haiku by AMA

MONDAY
Technoblade joined the game

@kiwiestkarina

SERVER
CRASH
$10,000
BOUNTY
THREE-TIME
WINNER
HYPIXEL
comments
YAPSATCHA
PIG

art by yapsatcha


And one day, we'll look back at where we started and be amazed by how far...
...we have come.
KARITHESCARF

ether

plag

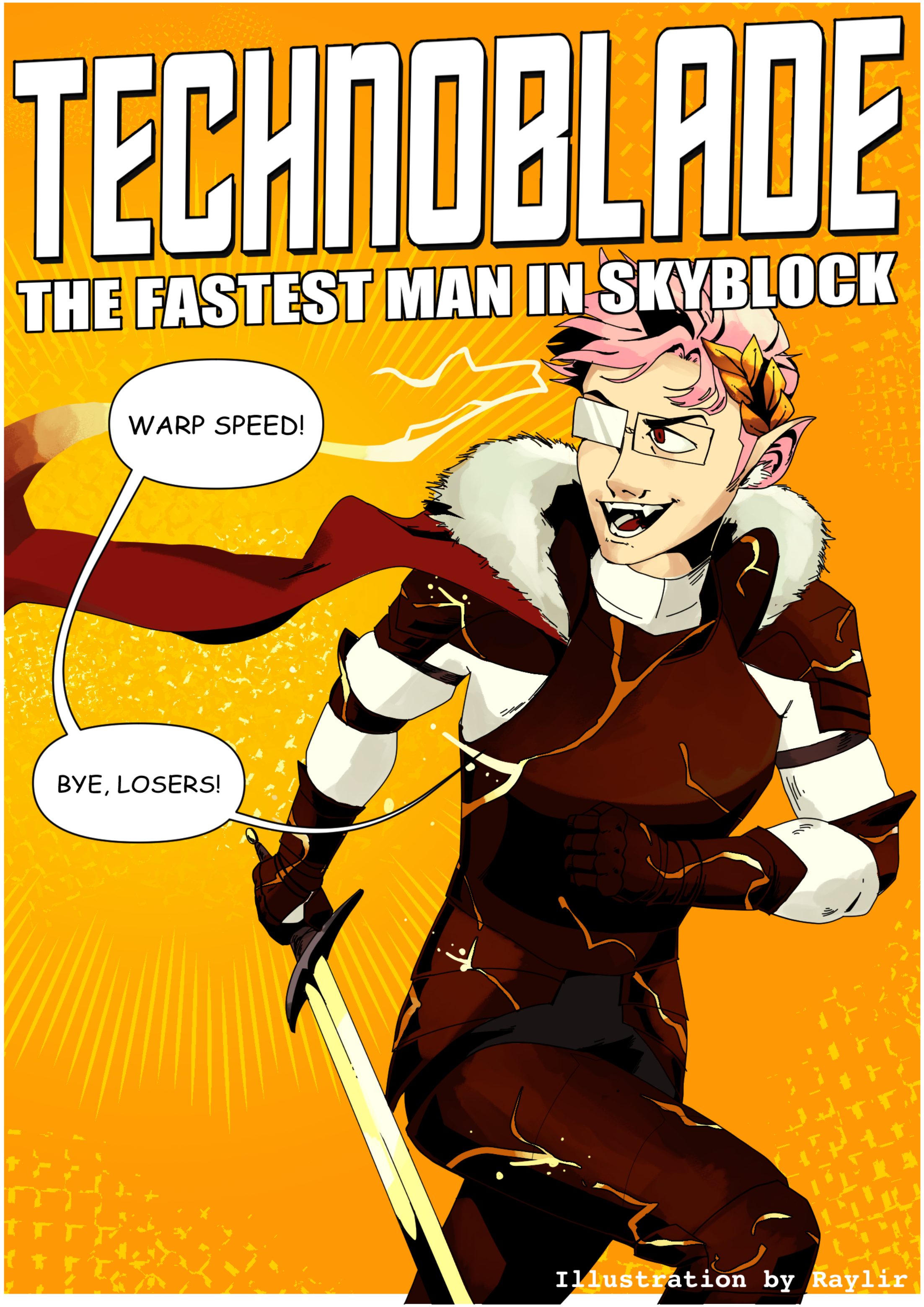
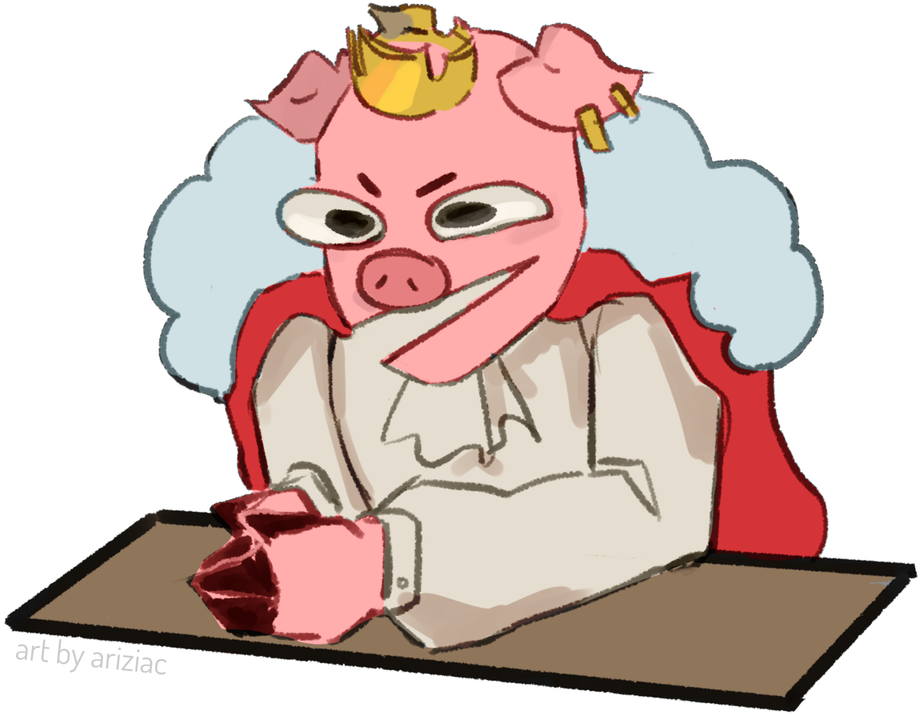

TECHNOBLADE
THE FASTEST MAN IN SKYBLOCK
WARP SPEED!
BYE, LOSERS!

Illustration by Raylir



art by ariziac

TNT

This level of stress
Is gonna make me go bald
Chat is not my friend

haiku by SummoningFailed

soupish_ art
do not repost

the time i conquered smp earth

by Sabreel

Takeoff.

The cobblestone platform was rough under his hooves and the sun was warm above him. It was the twenty-ninth of November and Technoblade was going to take over the world. Well, technically, the Antarctic Empire was going to take over the world. But hey, that was just a minor detail; it's basically the same thing.

“Remind me of the plan again, would ya?” Philza asked from some place behind him.

“Right, so, we go just around the border of the world, it has to be precise or else we won't have enough power to claim everythin'. We're gonna dodge Iceland, go under Greenland, avoid that random patch of ocean Antvenom has claimed—why does he even have that—and then basically just go around the border for the rest of the way.”

“Alrighty,” Phil said, he seemed confident enough but couldn't quite manage to mask the nervous tremor in his voice.

“Hey, Phil, you got this, okay? You and I, we've done things a lot harder than just taking over the world.”

“You sure about that mate?” Phil asked, but he was smiling. “We should probably be heading off now shouldn't we? Good luck, Techno, and godspeed.”

“Good luck Phil,” Techno replied before hopping into his plane. Techno had offered Phil a plane as well but he had opted to fly instead, trusting his wings to carry him better than any machine.

“See you on the other side!” Phil yelled and then there was a great fwoosh as his wings opened and he took off, flying higher and higher until he was just a dot in the sky, no bigger than the seagulls flying below him.

Techno started up his plane eagerly, grinning as the metal hummed under his hands. Well here goes nothing he thought, before taking off. The plane started slowly as it tended to but after what felt like an eternity but in reality was just a few seconds, the wheels were finally off the ground. Just moments after that he was soaring above the clouds.

Flight.

Gods, he loved flying. There was really nothing quite like it. The wind making his hair fly out wildly, the salty smell of the sea below him, the feeling of everything else rushing by. He used to be scared of it, the fear of falling, overcoming the usefulness of such a fast method of travel. He doubts he would have ever flown at all if it hadn't been for Phil, always talking about his love for flight. After weeks of Techno coming up with excuses for why he didn't want to fly Phil had approached him about it, with gentle words and caring eyes.

“Hey Techno?”

“Yeah Phil?”

“I can't help but notice you never fly in planes and I was wondering why that is.”
Technoblade had frozen tryin frantically to think of a lie because Phil was his best friend and he couldn't appear weak in front of Phil.

“Techno?” Phil had prompted

“I uhhhh, well…” Techno trailed of , his mind still racing to come up with something to say.

“Techno, are you scared of flying?”

“Yeah.” Technos head had been bowed with shame, his hands fidgeting nervously and his voice shaking, because he couldn't quite shake the fear that this would somehow change something. That Technos stupid irrational fear would irrevocably break the best friendship he's ever had. He was frozen, unable to look back at Phil and see the disappointment in his eyes. Until he felt

felt a gentle hand on his chin guiding his face upwards to meet Phil's clear blue eyes.

"It's alright Techno, that's perfectly reasonable."

"I… you don't mind?"

"Of course not mate, it's fine to be afraid of things. However if you ever wanted to try a different kind of flying, that's also an option."

"What do you mean?"

And that was how Techno found himself 30 minutes later, held tightly in Phils arms as they soared above the clouds. It wasn't scary like flying in a plane had been, because he knew that if he fell Phil would catch him. And so he smiled, as the world passed by quickly down below them and the sun beat down from above.

Techno was still scared of flying even after that, but it wasn't the same sort of paralyzing fear that he had felt before. And the more he flew the easier it became, whether it was in the cockpit of a plane or Phils arms—it didn't matter. He even began to enjoy it, and after awhile flying started to feel less like he was trapped in the sky and more like he was finally free from the land.

Freefall.

The wind was an angry roar in his ears and the ocean was far beneath him as Techno flew onwards. He had been flying long enough that his legs were sore from sitting; but he couldn't stop now. The admins had found out what was going on and it was only a matter of time before they took action to stop it.

He checked his map quickly, realizing that he was at the top of the map and it was about time to turn, he put his hands back on the wheel and a strangled yell tore its way from his throat as he fell from the sky. His plane was gone. The wind was louder now he realized as he screamed yet again, praying to the stars that someone somehow would hear him. But nobody did and his last scream was cut off as he fell into the ocean with a splash.

The water was freezing cold. It bit into his skin and panic shot through his body as he realized the full extent of what had happened. He started swimming quickly, gasping for breath when he finally reached the surface.

Crap, he had really screwed it up this time. He was stuck in the middle of a freezing ocean with no way to get- a boat, he had a boat. He scrambled around in his inventory looking for a moment before grabbing the boat with shaking hands and placing it down.

The boat rocked as he climbed into and curled up, rubbing his hands up and down his arms for warmth. He was fine, it was fine. He hadn't drowned, he was safe inside a boat. It was fine. But cold as he might be there was still work to be done, he couldn't stop now. Technoblade was going to take over the world, be it by boat or by plane. So he raised his shaking arms and started to row.

Victory.

Phil's voice was in his ears and the voices were roaring in his mind as he approached the final strip of land to connect the border. His hands were tight on the wheel of the plane as he made the final turn. This was it, in only a few seconds the world would be theirs. He flew forward just a bit more and saw the claim message appear on his communicator. He stopped his plane and scrambled for his map, hands shaking and heart pounding. He could barely breathe as he refreshed before his face split into a grin at the sight before him.

They had done it. Techno couldn't stop the laugh that welled up inside him as he took in the sight before him. The map was entirely claimed, every last sector was the property of the Antarctic Empire.

"Antarctic Empire owns the world!" He couldn't help but yell out. They did it. They actually did it.

Betrayal.

It was possible that Techno had bitten off more than he could chew.
It would probably be fine. All they needed was for Finch to agree with them and they would be home free.

"My defense is that I was strong-armed into this by Technoblade!"
Ok. So that was less than ideal. In hindsight working with someone he had to bribe not to stop him entirely may not have been Technos brightest idea ever. He looked over to Phil, perhaps wanting to see some sympathy in his bright eyes, which were normally full of mischief and mirth, but instead was met with a look that clearly said I told you trusting this guy was a bad idea.

“That’s because you disbanded it!” He shouted in protest, dimly registering Phil yelling alongside him. But their thoughts didn’t seem to matter much to Wilbur who simply called for order and motioned for Finch to continue talking. Techno could only sit in horrified silence as Finch continued to lie and lie. The picture he was painting was not a pretty one. He made it out as if Techno and Phil were some evil tyrants who had pressured him until he felt he had no choice but to join them. If the jury believed what Finch was saying there would be no hope for him and Phil getting out of this with anything less than the Antarctic Empire being disbanded. But he knew that if he spoke up again, Wilbur would not be as lenient in his response to Techno talking out of turn. So he sat in silence, as he listened to the man he had once trusted condemn him to a horrible fate.

Resolution.

In the end, the conclusion of the trial was nowhere near that dramatic. Going out with a quiet woosh rather than a crash and a bang. The decision was ultimately that since Techno and Phil hadn’t broken any rules (the injustice of the fact that Techno had been saying that the whole time and yet the jury only listened when someone else said it would be annoying Techno for a long time) they couldn’t actually be convicted of anything. As such they couldn’t be arrested or charged with anything and nothing could be done about the state of the world. However, out of the goodness of their hearts Techno and Phil decided to give everyone their land back. (Solely out of the goodness of their hearts, not for any other reason. It’s not like they needed more power to claim their actual base or anything.) The only lasting effect was a new law added to the constitution of SMP Earth. “Absolutely no, taking over the world.”

After the end of the trial things were mostly calm. There was one small incident when Wilbur declared that he was an enemy of the Antarctic Empire but that was but that was ended pretty quickly when Techno threatened to raid him.

All in all Techno was happy with the way things turned out. Sure, it was a little sad that they weren’t allowed to keep the entire world but hey, if they ever needed land, they could always just claim it all again. (Yeah, sure they’d be banned forever but who cares about details)

THIS IS THE

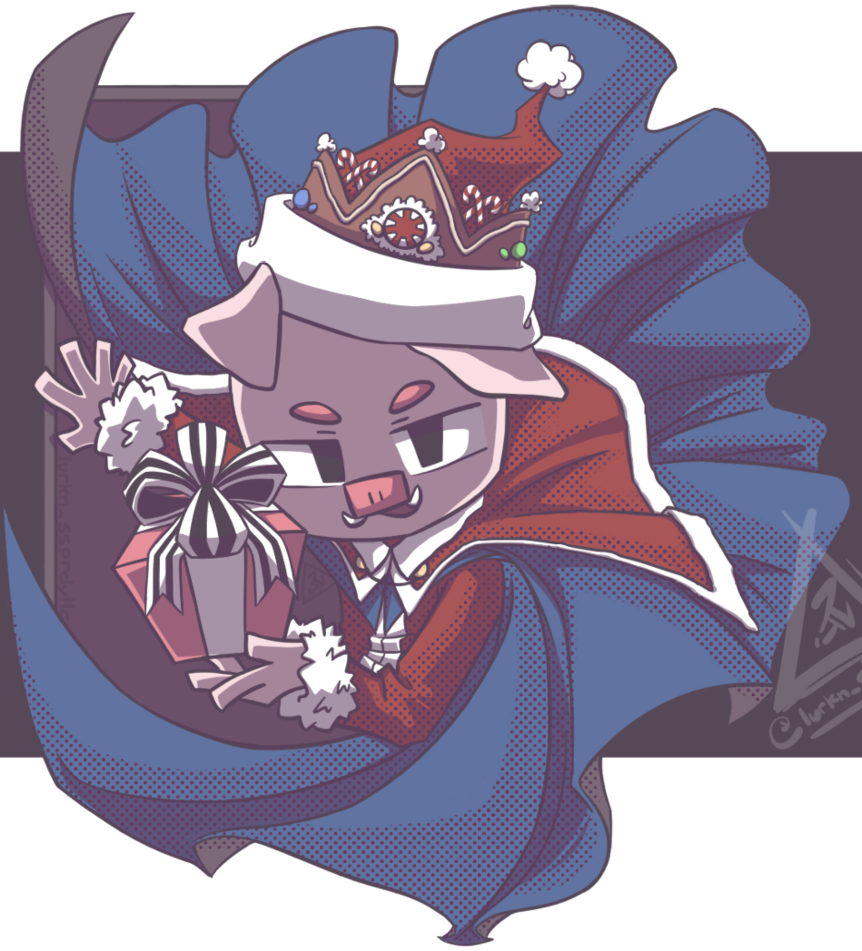
SECOND WORST

THING THAT HAS
HAPPENED TO THESE

ORPHANS

IN THEIR

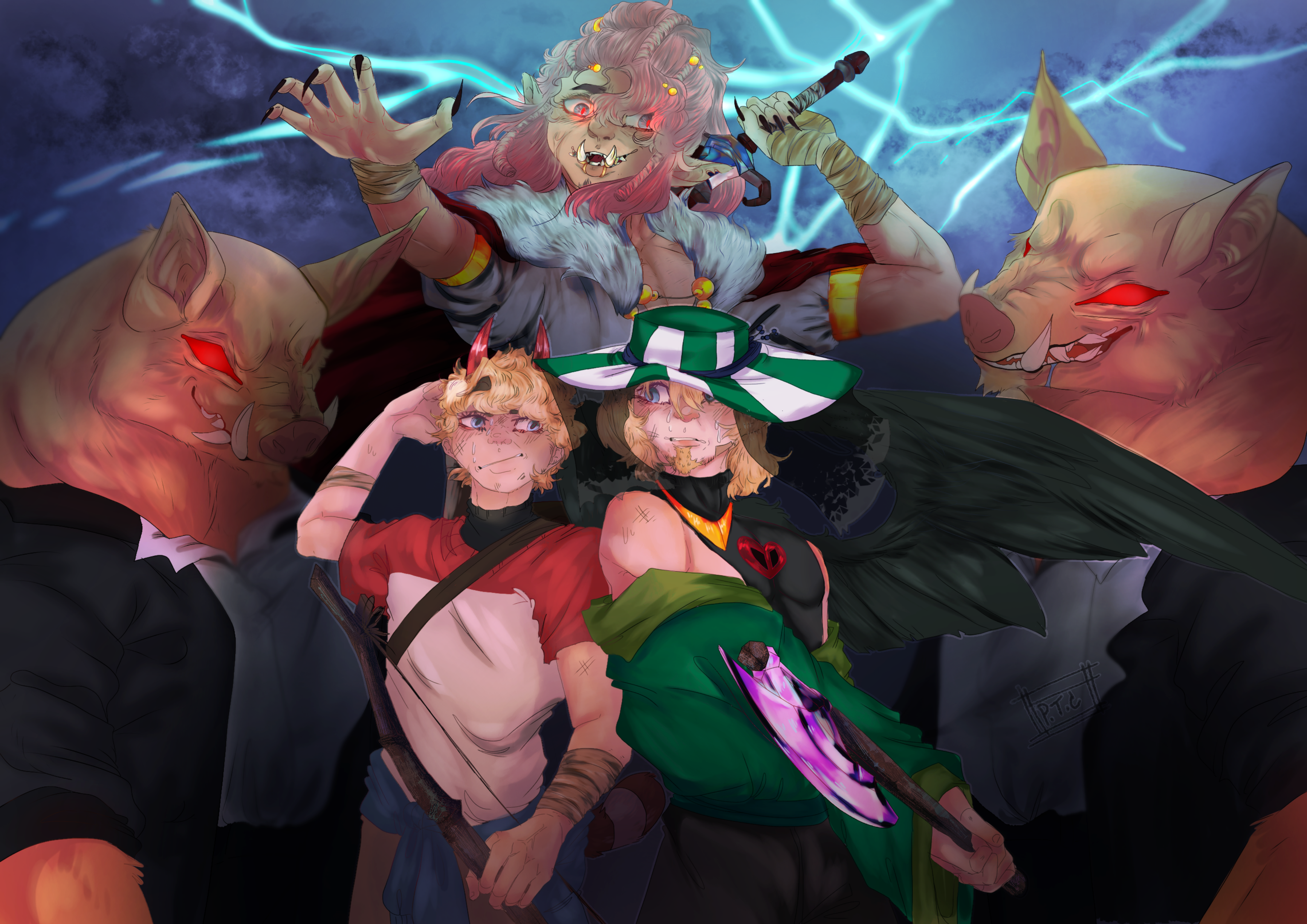
LIVES



@lurkn_sspedy116

?!
!ether

BLOCK ART '21


P.T.C

PURPLE PA
MCC4

# of sharp edges and golden coins

by AMA

"Tommy, look out!"

The arrow whistled by his ear, and the boy jumped in place, feeling his heart drop into his stomach at the thought of how close he was to death. From the other side of the playing field, Technoblade let out a shaky breath. Keeping Tommy alive while at the same time taking out as many enemies as he could was difficult; he felt cold sweat cascade down his back each time he knocked an arrow on the string of the hi-tech bow provided to him by the tournament organizer. He pulled the bowstring back, closing one of his eyes for maximum focus.

For a second all of the sounds disappeared. Only his own, unsteady breathing echoed in his ears, accompanied by the thundering of his heart. Someone shouted his name, another grabbed onto the sleeve of his white shirt–now stained with dirt and blood–but he was not going to move until he was certain that—

There.

With a dull 'thwack', the arrow buried itself in Burren's chest and having let out a yelp, his body flickered and disappeared from view.

The crowd burst into a roar. Whistles, screeches, whoops, and shouts filled the small arena, and Technoblade finally released the breath he was holding. His limbs felt hot and his head felt faint; one down, three more to go.

"Technoblade! Technoblade look at me!" Someone shouted right into his ear, and he winced, confused. Right next to him, Wilbur Soot, his teammate, stood annoyed, hands resting on his hips. A purple armband signified his allegiance to their team; Purple Pandas, and seeing the same flash of color on his own arm Technoblade felt just a little more confident in the prospect of victory.

"What's up?" He muttered absentmindedly, his whole attention on the green team in front of him, where Pete was already grabbing an arrow from the spawn point. "Move and talk. We can't stand around."

Wilbur sighed. The radio in his ear sparked to life, and soon Techno's voice echoed in his head.

"What do you need?"

"You don't have to focus on defense. I'll run in front of you and tank the shot if there's a need for that," Wilbur said surprisingly calmly for someone announcing their death wish. Technoblade threw his body to the right, missing the arrow by a millimeter. His eyes locked with Wilbur's who was already moving to the front of the group.

"Don't be stupid and dodge!" Techno materialized a bow. Phil handed him one of the arrows, before nocking his own, biting down on his lip to keep himself focused. The arrow left the bow with a whizz, flying right over Pete's head. Phil cursed. "Wilbur, cover Tommy."

"On my way!"

You don't think a lot about the arrow itself when you fire it, Techno thought as he aimed at the scrambling players of the green team. Sure, they were deadly weapons, capable of killing someone in one shot if directed towards a vital point, but they were beautiful in their simplicity. A point, a sharp edge, a feathered end. And that edge was going to hit someone's head or chest if it was the last thing Technoblade would do.

"Techno-!" Phil shouted. Techno hissed. The arrow didn't gain enough velocity and landed right behind the middle point of the arena. Before Technoblade could curse himself out for being careless, however, a noise reached his ears. Wet, disgusting, repulsive, one that filled Techno's veins with pure fear.

Wilbur.

It was a clean shot, right in the middle of his chest, with enough velocity for the arrow to bury itself one-third of the way between his ribs. Out of the corner of his eye, Technoblade could see Michael put his bow down, a satisfied grin on his face.

For a moment, Wilbur wobbled on his feet, processing the wound he just received. Then, Techno's radio crackled.

"Told you I'd do it," Will whispered, before his body turned into dust, leaving the playing field.

The green side of the arena cheered, and Phil shook his head, annoyed. Next to him, Tommy was boiling with rage. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, doing his best to overtake the crowd's roar.

"Wilbur! Just look at us, mate, take a break!"

From somewhere deep within the stadium, Will's real body pushed itself through the crowd to the front.

"Don't make me regret taking that shot Technoblade!" He shouted back, and Techno rolled his eyes.

"Damn. Way to put pressure on a man. No problem, let me avenge you, let me just activate my superhuman abilities and—"

"Oh fuck you—!"

Another cheer. Techno turned his head to witness Tommy throw his hand holding the bow up, Pete from the green team disappearing from view.

"Take that bitch! Did you see that Wilbur? That was cool, wasn't it? Bet you couldn't do that!" He laughed, and Techno was, frankly, a bit impressed at the sheer speed at which Tommy took care of one of the opposing team members. "Techno! You gotta try harder or I'll ace this round!"

"You can't ace this round Tommy, I've already had a kill—"

"*Mimimimimi*, technicalities. Start jumping!"

"Take your advice for once, Michael is aiming at you!"

"Shit—!"

Minecraft Championships were fun. To watch, that is. To the players, it was a once-a-month delivery of stress, disappointments, and bruises, all for a single golden coin and entertainment of the masses. Technoblade didn't know who would willingly subject themselves to that; unless you were crazy or Scott Smajor, this entire tournament was more trouble than it was worth. Still, when Wilbur asked him to be his teammate for the fourth edition of the internationally acclaimed competition, he couldn't say no. (How does one even say no to Wilbur Soot, one that created a country out of sheer stubbornness and threw hundreds of players into simulated torture situations when he was feeling bored?) Just like that, there he was, bow in his hand, an advanced VR jacket put on his sleeping body, and his avatar fighting the opposing team to the death. *Fun.*

"Tommy, can you get another?" Technoblade called, the static in his radio sparking to life instantly.

"Of course!" He shot back, puffing his chest proudly. Techno sent the arrow his way, and Tommy caught it without problem, twirling it slightly to show off as he nocked it. The audience held their breath. Someone from the green side of the arena shouted a juicy curse word towards Tommy and the boy grit his teeth in embarrassment.

"Tommy, calm down," Phil warned, waiting for his turn. Tommy looked at him angrily.

"I know! The crowd is just annoying!"

A whizz of an arrow; yet it didn't come from Tommy or Phil. Vikkstar, hungry for vengeance, aimed right at Tommy's head, hidden in such an angle that allowed him to stay hidden from sight as Michael ran around like a headless chicken, making Tommy even more restless. There was no way for him to move. It was death. One player down. One good, precise player who is a great boost to team morale and—

God damnit.

With one wide step, Techno moved in the way of the arrow and it pierced his throat, leaving him breathless for a moment, before his vision blurred and he was suddenly back in his own body, lying next to Tommy and Phil in the Purple lobby. He shook his head, getting rid of post-VR nausea and dizziness, and quickly ripped the headset off, walking past the supervising doctors. If he squinted, he could see Wilbur's brown hair at the barrier, screaming at Tommy and Phil below, and he headed in that direction, avoiding fans who wanted to shake his hand or even just touch him.

"Philza Minecraft! Killza! Killza!" Wilbur screamed, and due to the sheer volume of his trained voice, it wasn't hard to pick him out from the crowd. Technoblade hit the railing, pushed by the mass of people, and Wilbur looked right at him with a grin.

"Oh look, Mr. Don't Take Hits For Me arrived," He snickered. Technoblade rolled his eyes, making himself comfortable against the metal that was pressing painfully into his chest as the crowd moved behind him.

"If you want to tease me do so later." He pointed at the battle going on downstairs with his chin. "They are kind of popping off."

"Of course they are! They are our boys!" Wilbur smiled widely, cheering as Phil dodged two arrows coming at him from different directions. In a blink of an eye, he recovered the arrows and shot Michael right in the forehead, leaving him and Tommy against Vikkstar.

"One more! One more! One more!" The crowd chanted, while the green side of the bleachers prayed for a reverse sweep. Techno's fingers tightened on the railing, and he leaned forward, held back by his shirt by a very surprised Wilbur.

"Tommy!" He screamed, and he swore Tommy's eyes found his. "Don't overthink it! Just shoot!"

And who was Tommy to not listen to the Blade?

For a second the entire stadium went silent. Vikkstar paused, looking in confusion about the arrow buried deep in his gut. He blinked once, twice, and suddenly he was gone. They won.

They won.

"We won?" Wilbur asked, his whisper audible even in the heaven-splitting celebration on the purple side of the audience.

"Yeah. Yeah!" Techno replied, half to Wilbur, half to himself, watching in delight as a golden crown flickered onto Wilbur's head, a significant weight on his temple reminding him that he too, in fact, won.

"We won! We won, Technoblade, we won!" Will threw his head back in laughter, hands on Techno's shoulders. He was probably restraining himself from jumping up and down in pure, uncapped bliss.

Techno couldn't help but laugh too, that warm, lovely feeling in his chest spreading into every corner of his very being. People were clapping, patting him on the back, gathering around, but as the arena closed below them, it was *their* celebration. *Their* moment.

Purple and gold went wonderfully together, he realized as Phil and Tommy rushed them, having returned to their bodies. Techno swore he could hear fireworks, smell gunpowder, see everyone's faces at once, but the glitter of gold, the shimmer of purple, and the feeling of metal under his fingertips as he clutched the coin were real, and he, on that evening, was the happiest man on earth.

Even if after that the four of them couldn't be teamed again, it was all right.

It was their moment.

#1
#2
100
ROOKIE
S
TZ
ART 01

the potato war

by Wit

“Stupid talking pig who’s obsessed with potatoes”

Technoblade was not... obsessed. He would describe it as a passion, a love for work!

Sure, he couldn’t remember a day when his back didn’t ache, and the last time he spoke to his friends. But it was fine. He was fine.
And so began, a tale that would be told to thousands, branching out beyond just the ancient grounds of Hypixel, but would be ingrained in other worlds and spread like the roots of a tree, embedding itself into history.

The Great Potato War.

The stars were on the horizon, even if the burning blaze of the evening sky shone on him.

Technoblade was tired. The sun beat down on his brow, sweat forming every second. He had been farming for countless hours, and like every new day, his motivation was running out.

Squid was a formidable opponent, and regardless of how much Techno disregarded his success due to a head start, he knew deep down that this battle would be one of his hardest.

Long had the Blade held his reputation of being an unforgiving, murderous, heartless beast, but what many failed to account for was his beauty, his charisma and charm.

His wit and honeyed words lured in many, especially when his name was unknown and hidden behind a pretty face. Like prey and predator, he and Squid were circling each other, an invisible barrier of unknowing separating them.

Squid had no idea that he was fighting for his own crown, of course. Technoblade had made sure that his plan had gone undetected by all who saw it, even on its very surface level.

All that Squid was suspicious of right now, was a dirty scumbag slinking around his castle, never seeming to leave, even when questioned.

When asked about it (though he never would be), Technoblade would deny that he ever knew the man, but soft whispers and clinking coins in the pocket of a player he had only ever met once proved to differ.

Whitelisted, he called himself, and so that was what Techno would call him. No matter the money he spent, the minions he paid to work for him, putting in the time and effort to farm himself was proving to be the most effective method of catching up, even if it was the most tiring.

His communicator buzzed with someone undoubtedly trying to reach out to him, but he couldn't bear to waste extra energy than it would already take to trudge back to his small cottage, on the other side of the mountainous terrain of his potato farm, the only time he could rest.

Nobody knew where he was, and Techno was surprised Phil had found him. It was always Phil, and it always would be. He didn't even have to check. He wondered who had sold him out?

Even if Phil knew his rough location, it was enough to message him, and that was almost worrying. Almost. Phil could never worry him.
He put his communicator back in his cloak. As much as he deeply cared for Phil, he just… couldn't stomach the idea of social interaction right now. Going to sleep was enough of a task.

He laid his head down on his pillow, carefully crafted from what bamboo he had left in his stocks, what he hadn't sold for potatoes, and drifted off, into another world, of better days and lovely clouds.

Many days like this passed, Techno rising early, farming until he couldn't stand any longer, and then dragging himself back to.

"Woo! The endless monotony of life" he would remark to himself, a chuckle escaping into the void. He laughed alone.

He didn't laugh anymore.

One day, Technoblade rested his weary head, and the stars shone, a full moon blazing as brightly as the sun had just set.

Squid Kid's lead set with it, the first Potato War coming to a close with as little fanfare as a simple announcement he had lost a war he didn't even know he was fighting.

The first war? Easy. The ones to come? Not so much.

---

Techno was almost surprised when people wanted to visit him. The people, for some strange reason, found entertainment from their farming war.
Whispers followed him when he walked into the hub, and when they followed him, they clung to his cloak like they were fibers in it. He used it just like he had his bloody hands and golden crown, he built armour to go with his red gloves and his 'stolen' crown, and locked them all out with a cape fit for a king to show for it.

These people, who demanded to know more about the man with a reputation as a ruthless and intelligent man, using it for farming of all things, they were his foundation for who he was. Or, they usually would be. This time around, as a farmer and not a warrior, Techno found himself bending like a reed, not to their clamours or wants or demands like he had on the battlefield, but away from them all, shying away from the publicity. This time, he let his mystery and stone façade do all the talking, and soon enough, they left him alone.

He wondered if instead of building walls, he should have built allies, but he didn't really have time for speculation when there were more plants to harvest. This life consumed him further than anyone would ever know, and really, that was why he was alone right now, wasn't it? It always came down to this, whether he'd be swallowed by the tide of his work, its pull as unrelenting as he was. Sometimes he just had to let himself be pulled out to sea, where he could have some peace and quiet for once.
Alone.

---

Technoblade's fate was written in the stars, apparently.

His body seemed to return to tirelessly farming, even in his sleep. A hole was dug through his heart when he was not tilling the ground, a shovel of its own, an ever-growing feeling of dread.

Without the comfort of farming, the familiar motions, there was nothing to do. He felt nothing but an empty wonderment of where the path of life would take him next.

And so he kept farming.
Aimless as it was, as unfulfilling as the mechanical motions were, it was better than the dread that trickled into his chest and the fear that held on tight.

Murmuring from his associates, paid ones, of course, had spread rumours that Squid had started a guild, an organisation, purely to take him down.
The statement alone burned his chest, upsetting an inner turmoil inside of him. The pride of knowing Squid needed an entire team to take him down, but the feeling of knowing Squid truly disliked him, was rough.

It hurt. It really did. Dealing with that had never been Techno's strong suit really, rejection hit closer to home than he ever liked. But he could push through. He always did.

Maybe that's why he joined SMP Earth. He really did miss Phil and Wilbur, as much as he denied it. Conquering entire continents always put a smile on his face. It had also been a while since he relentlessly hunted and murdered children. He missed that too.

However, SMP Earth was always what he joined it for- a ruse. He could never dedicate as much time or love to it as the wide expanses of potato farms he owned would get. No matter whether he and Phil had taken over the world shared with many others, his heart still belonged to his small but sturdy farm. Alone.

As much as Squid's desperate gathering of resources alarmed Techno, it also rekindled the flame in his soul, the dedication and passion to cultivating the soil he had been missing for the past few months. It gave him a passion, a goal again.

And *that* was what he had been missing.

Technoblade always, always strived for greatness. And this time? This time would be no different.

A mental list of things he would need to use was building up in his head already, flycatchers, more minions, catalysts, to exploit the skeleton horse bug, to- wait a second.

He paused for a second. He had almost everything. Almost everything, except the flycatchers.

Flycatchers were so useless, so incredibly stupid of an item… that almost nobody would have them. Except a well known contact. Unfortunately, that well known contact was so well known she was a contact of Squids as well.

So, did Techno end up in a bidding war with Squid? Yes. Yes he did.
And did Technoblade win? Yes. Yes he did.

He always did.

Over the next few weeks, Squid had built up an incredible farm, and with the help of his goons, a fierce empire. This time, the competition was out in the open, and this time, Squid was the favourite.

After all, Techno was just one man.

Unfortunately, for those people who whispered and rumoured of the upcoming fall of the great Technoblade, he wasn't going down that easy.
He worked, slaved away at the farms he had so painstakingly worked on. Sleep was not an option for many nights at a time, because for what Squid's team made up for in numbers, they lost in lack of effort and hours.
And so yet again, as if timed by the universe, at exactly 8:42 PM (just like last time), Techno secured his lead yet again.

The world was falling apart. Sort of.

Really, Techno was just tired of fighting for his position at the top. Potatoes were no longer exciting to him. Nothing was exciting.
But he still had to fight, his honour was on the line. A fool, he was, for attaching his worth to sprouts in the ground, but it was said and done already.
It was honestly rather interesting. The grounds of Hypixel, a world kept together on the grounds of an absent god who just so happened to descend once in a while to bless his creation, were vast and seemingly unending, Technoblade's bloody reputation had reached as far as he had travelled. Every place and everybody had heard of the infamous Blood God.

Everywhere but Skyblock apparently. There, they saw him as the strange, slightly intimidating, obsessed farmer. Nobody questioned him, nobody was really scared of him, nobody cared.

And compared to the rest of the earth, it was peaceful.
In any Bedwars lobby he entered the room would go silent, all turning to him in fear or turning tail and running out, in any Skywars tournament the competitors would take to throwing themselves off the map to reset and try their luck again, in every single town he entered the occupants would board up the windows.
Technoblade was unearthly, supernatural. His presence carried the taint of death and his eyes, the window to whatever soul he had left, were stained with time.

It wasn't an opinion that he was unnerving. He knew it, perhaps that was why he earned the reputation of a god.
A fragmented soul and heart was what he held in the calloused hands of a warrior god turned farmer, pieces scattered to the winds until he had barely any of himself left.

Just a simple spud farmer left.

The stars were dead. They'd been dead for a while and nobody noticed because their eyes were trapped on the ground, on unimportant papers, and people, and potatoes, and nobody cared because their hearts were dedicated to uncaring parts, and people, and potatoes.

Well, the stars weren't exactly dead. But something was happening to them, a glitch or a malfunction. They were fading, and he wasn't sure what was happening. Oh well, as long as it didn't impact his potatoes.

Many things had been happening, too many for his poor, tired mind to handle when he could instead be pondering a thousand other things.

For example, he had noticed the wind had been picking up around his farms more. It was not usually an annoyance, but sometimes it picked up into a gale and whipped at his hair, and then he would have to brush it. Precious time that could have been spent farming.
It had been decided on, a limit to their collective madness. They were racing to 500 million potatoes.
What followed was something witnessed by every life and every thing on Hypixel, the leaves on the trees and the cracks in the earth.

The Great Potato War 3, the finale of a saga that had gone on far too long, was an event, to say the least. People from all over came to the grounds of Hypixel, flocking to the lands of Skyblock to see the battle that was sure to approach soon.
In fact, Skyblock had had to close their portals up to the sky islands because of the influx of tourists, and Techno only felt slightly guilty for it.
He really did love the attention. It felt good to be back, to be adored. It may have been from his nearly delusional approach to farming, but the name Technoblade was being whispered again, spreading through the lands like little fires, rumors that couldn't be put out.

He slaved away, as he had every day for the past… the past… he didn't know. Techno couldn't remember how long this complicated dance of winning and losing leads had gone on. He couldn't remember a lot of things, truthfully. His heart clenched when he realised he couldn't even remember what Phil's laugh sounded like, or any of the lyrics to Wilbur's songs. The melody of the music discs Tommy held so dear to him was just a distant echo, he did not remember. Maybe he didn't care. He had to get back to farming.

He ended up being forced to care about why the stars were fading and why the wind was picking up and why the ground shook slightly. The admins were pushing his island to the boundaries of the realms they owned, further and further away from the rest of the world.
He was so far out that the projections of stars they created to give players a sense of time and day and of routine weren't quite as well kept, and the closer they got to pushing the boundaries of higher beings, the more the ground (and really everything) began to shake.
The constant tremors in the ground were horrific for the potato's growth, but he was consoled by the fact that Squid had the same problem. At least it evened the playing ground, he supposed.

Techno persevered, through the earth shaking and cracking, through the anxious hum that ran through his body like an electric shock, that kept telling him he should be farming, he should be winning. He kept going, he soldiered on, and wondered if it would be enough.
It was. His knees gave out when he farmed that final potato, but he clambered back to his feet to deposit it so it would count.

Technoblade won.

He didn't feel happy. Why wasn't he happy? He'd won, securing victory from the war he'd been fighting for as long as he could care to remember? People would care about him now, he was important again. He was the victor, and people loved the victor.

A faint hum rang through the farmland, and the air almost seemed to quake, shivering around him and prickling the hairs on the back of his neck. The portal. Someone's here? But who? Had Squid come to demand a rematch? Had some valiant fan come to congratulate him?

"Techno? Are you there?"

The voice didn't sound pleading, or joyous, or even congratulatory. It just sounded… kind.

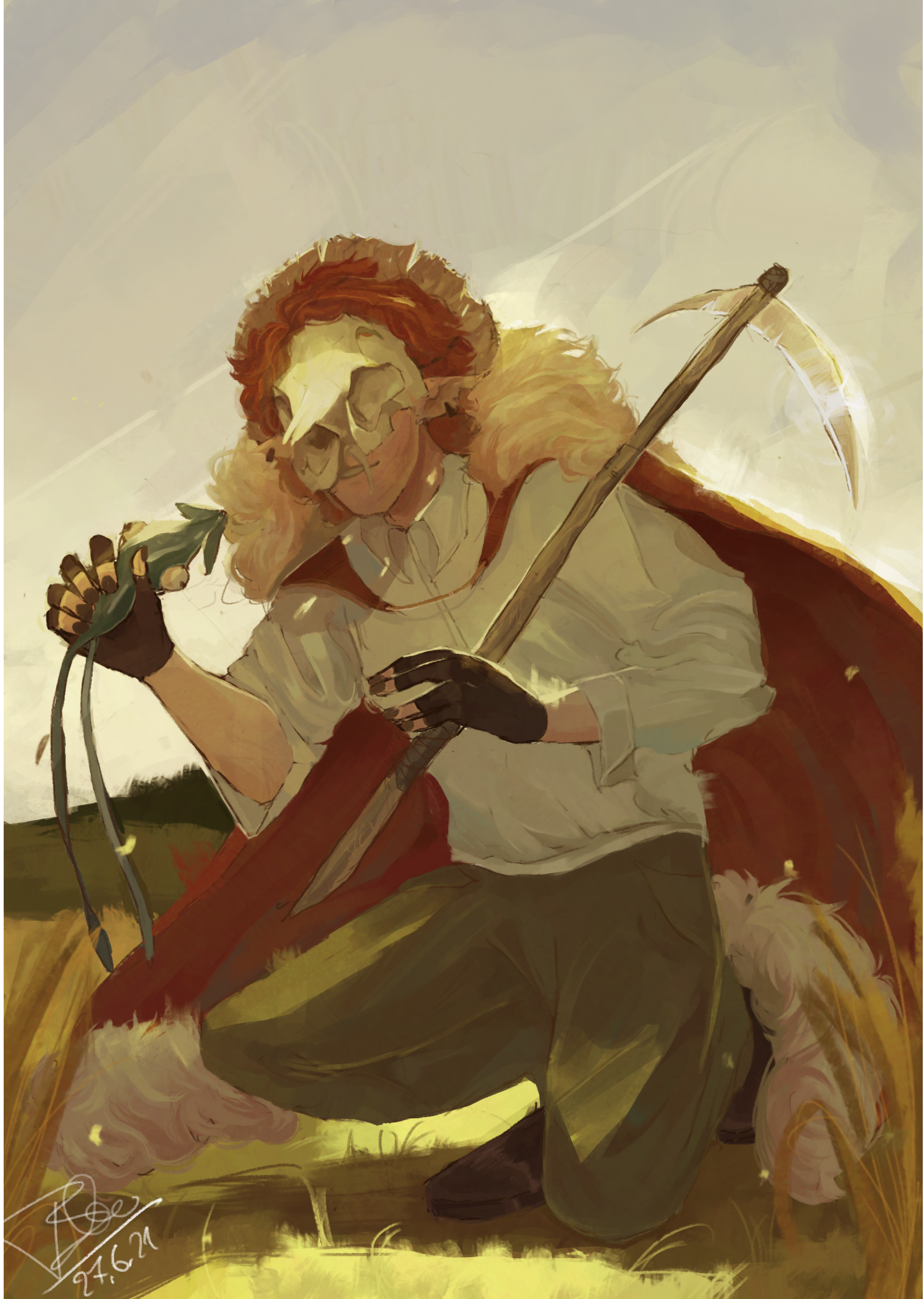
Another voice rang out, more familiar.

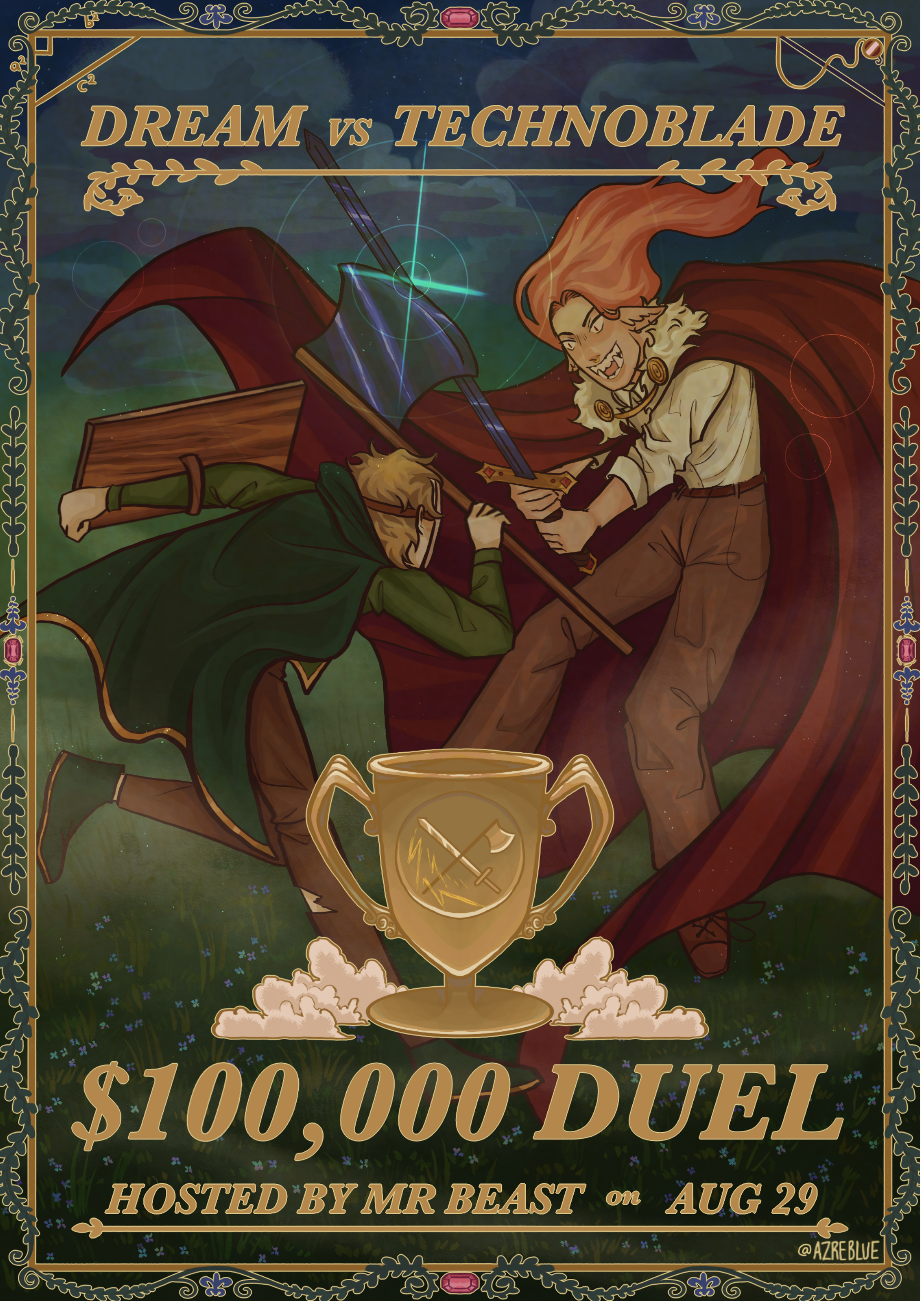
"Techno, mate, come out. We're worried about you."

We're. That implied there was more than one person worried about him. Why? He was fine.
His feet hit the ground with a resounding clunk, the noise of which quieted the murmurs outside.

Techno carefully, slowly pushed the heavy wooden door open and stared at the people standing outside his door. They were looking at him with expressions he couldn't quite name… pity? Sadness? What it was, he wasn't sure, but he didn't like it.

Phil. His wings drawn closer to his back, standing at the front. He tilted his head, and made a gesture with his hands that could have meant anything, really, but it was like a fire pit had burst to life in his stomach.
Wilbur stepped forwards too, leaning a little closer into Phil, and put his hand on Tommy's shoulder, and when Tommy looked up, his blue eyes so impossibly innocent, so loving, the flames roared to life and warmth seemed to ignite in his veins.
Techno could only step forward to meet them, his arms raised towards them.
Technoblade collapsed into the arms of his family, the people who throughout it all, had still loved him, and there, in their arms, he could celebrate his victory, truly.
Techno wasn't alone, not anymore, not would he ever be again.





four to four

by Sendy

Four to four.

The score on the board is dead even. And it's anyone's game.

Techno's heart pounds in his throat as he stares down his opponent from across the arena. It's been a tough, close battle with neither side giving up ground. Techno, bruised and battered, quickly tends to his wounds, taking a moment to sit down and ease his aching muscles for a bit before he goes back into battle. He's not the only wounded soldier, though; Dream is just as busted up as he is. Techno watches as Dream gingerly wraps a bandage around his wounded arm, grimacing but continuing before slipping the creepily smiling mask over his face again.

Dream won't give up.

Then again, neither will Techno.

Satisfied with his bandaging job, Techno leans back, trying to ground himself for a little bit.

The grand arena rises around him, pillars stretching to the sky and the concrete floor burning hot in the August sun. From the stands he can hear the audience, their thundering cheers booming through the stadium reaching a Valhalla of volumes. Techno wipes the sweat from his forehead and as he looks up, he's greeted with millions of eyes staring back directly at him. The stakes are high and they don't want to miss a thing—there's a *hundred thousand* dollars on the line.

This is where it all comes down. These next two matches will decide the winner. He's stressed, to say the least, but what's a little stress? Hell, Technoblade is always stressed. He's grown used to working under stress, performing under stress, and Technoblade knows he can pull out this win.

Still, he knows the toughest battle is yet to come; the first eight matches have been child's play. He and Dream have figured each other out, learned how the other moves and attacks, and gotten used to each other's versions of combat.

They'd agreed before the duel to do ten rounds, five of each person's choice of combat. Dream leaned towards axes and shields while Techno specialized in swords and rods. Five and five. But to win, one would need to beat the other in his preferred version at least once.

Dream's style with the axe and shield was strange to Techno at first. The axe felt heavy, awkward, and almost clunky in his hand, especially when juxtaposed with the swift, smooth motion of his sword. The sheild's extra weight threw him off, even though Techno is no weakling.

He lost miserably in the first round—he felt alright playing defensive, even going on the attack when he felt he had an advantage but ended up stumbling. The next thing he knew, he was on the ground, a diamond axe polished til it sparkled brightly in the sun held his neck and a smug Dream grinning behind his smiley mask above him.

He'll admit, he's more accustomed to the sword and rod's swift, agile play-style. It's less about heavy blocking shield play and the slow, strategical game of finding your opponents weak spot than it is about striking quick and fast, parrying, and staying on the offensive. But Dream was no slacker; he had obviously been busy mastering Techno's game and came out swinging in the third round. Techno won, but only by the skin of his teeth.

The next battles in Dream's version, though, were smoother. After swinging the axe around and shearing some wood off the floor in a moment of distraction, Techno found himself actually growing accustomed to the weight of the axe. It wasn't as maneuverable as the sword, that was for sure, but he found he could use momentum to his advantage. If he moved through his swings, carried the momentum of his blow into his next attack, the axe would flow a little. Still not perfect, but it was enough and Techno found himself standing victorious while Dream fell to the sandstone floor.

But one battle won doesn't guarantee you the war, and Techno knows this better than anyone. This duel has been a blur–he doesn't know if that's a good thing. It's been back and forth, and it's coming down to the wire.

Four to four.

The score is dead even. And it's anyone's game.

It all comes down to these next two fights.

Techno takes one last deep breath, letting his lungs expand and straps on his chestplate. It's scratched, but still gleams a brilliant blue. He slowly stands up and places his golden crown on his head.

It's now or never, he supposes.

He stands at the ready, and watches as Dream does the same across from him. He can't read his opponent's expression from behind the grinning mask, but he knows Dream is all business and ready to duke it out. He knows the stakes as well as Techno does.

And the glass doors open as Jimmy's voice booms over the speakers, echoing through the stadium: "Round nine, begin!"

Sword clutched in his fist and at the ready, Techno rushes into the middle. He flicks the fishing rod, trying to catch Dream's ankles in the slow, cautious exchange they've grown accustomed to. They'll stall and try to rod, coaxing the other into making a first move before they can begin exchanging blows—

But Techno blinks, a millisecond and when he opens his eyes, Dream's gone. And in an instant, the tip of Dream's sword is a flash of diamond slashing at his throat, too close, dangerously close and Techno barely rolls out of the way. How did… So fast! Was this man human? Techno's heart drops. He needs to focus. One second of hesitation, he'll be a goner. Fight or flight kicks in full throttle and he dashes desperately into the sand for cover. His boots slip in the soft ground as he dives behind a mossy boulder, heartbeat loud in his ears, but Dream is hot on his tail. Scrambling to his feet, Techno makes a clumsy attempt to trip up Dream with his rod and by some miracle does—his opponent trips over the thin wire and gives Techno a second to think.

His mind rushes frantically as he almost runs head first into a pillar.

A pillar…

A pillar!

Techno knows exactly what to do. The potato war, while an astronomical waste of time, did give him one thing: a comprehensive knowledge of Ancient Chinese war strategies. In a blast of inspiration, Techno remembers that in 227 BCE, King Zheng escaped his assassin by circling a pillar.

Perfect.

Techno scrambles behind the stone column, flicking his rod out to knock Dream out of balance.

And it works.

Dream stumbles and Techno strikes like a crack of lighting. He comes flying out from behind the pillar, a flurry of strikes and parries as he rushes Dream with a burst of pure energy. His sword is a blur, so fast as he pushes Dream back, getting hit after hit and Techno knows Dream is growing tired. Techno readies himself for the final strike. Swinging back in desperation, Dream holds his sword up in a last-ditch effort to parry Techno's blow, but it's futile. Techno sees and goes for an undercut, catching Dream's sword and sending it flying across the arena, effectively disarming him. Dream hits the floor in defeat, cursing and spitting.

Five to four.

Techno's chest heaves as he tries to catch his breath. Blood rushes in his ears.

He just did that?

He secured himself a tie.

He can't lose.

Relief fills his body and he laughs, giddy.

He steps back and lets Dream stand, watching as he slinks back to the other side of the arena to prepare for the final exchange.

The final exchange, he reminds himself. It's not over yet.

But this next game? This'll be fun.

It's in Dream's version, though; if he wants to win he'll need to take down Dream in his home turf. The ball is in Dream's court now, and he will claw and fight for that tie, but Techno has nothing to lose now.

Neither of them take their time getting ready for the tenth and final round.

Let's get this over with.

The glass doors open again and Jimmy's voice over the speakers yells, "Round ten!"

They meet in the center of the arena. The air is heavy and tense in the heat, and even the crowd's cheers are hushed. It's dead silent.

But somehow, Techno is light on his feet and swings his axe easily as he strolls out—he doesn't feel stressed anymore. All the pressure is off and he knows he's already proven himself.

He and Dream stare each other down. Techno can tell Dream is trying to bait Techno in, tempt him into taking the first swing so he can cut back and get a good blow.

Techno won't have it, though. He's got all the time in the world, no rush whatsoever, and he's letting Dream bring the fight to him.

Patience must be a virtue because Dream doesn't wait for long, doing exactly what Techno hoped he would and charging right in. Rushing at Techno, he swings his axe back, gearing up for a powerful overcut, but he's shaky and lets his shield drop. Dodging the blow easily, Techno follows it with a swing from the side and gets a free hit, directly in Dream's chestplate, knocking the wind out of him.

Dream instantly pivots and scrambles away, gasping, but Techno can read him like a book right now. He pulls his crossbow off his back and fires, hitting Dream in the ankle and watching as he slips, panic turning to pure desperation.

He darts behind a pillar, trying frantically to imitate King Zheng's tactics, but it's just not the same. Almost out of nowhere, though, Dream's axe comes flying and hits Techno in the side. He gasps, winded for a beat but breathes through it and recovers, refocusing and regrounding and he's back in the battle.

Dream notices his moment of weakness, though, and charges in for the final exchange.

It's now or never, sink or swim.

But Techno's swimming.

He's in the zone, completely focused. Everything feels right; he feels alert and he can anticipate every move Dream is making, dodging and parrying like nothing. The axe is no longer clunky in his hands; it follows his movements, driving its momentum forward. It's natural and smooth like a river: pure power and speed and flowing from cut to cut as Techno pursues Dream. The shield doesn't feel like a burden and he blocks with it left and right, using its weight along with the axe to propel himself forward, slashing and driving and moving with such ease, like he's waltzing across the dancefloor, like he's floating. And he gets a hit. And another. And another.

And Dream's being pushed back and back until he slips.

And he's on the floor.

And Techno's still standing.

He can barely believe it. He can barely process it. But Techno is the one left standing and Dream the one is on the ground, defeated.
He puts down his axe and grasps his opponent's hand, helping him to his feet. Dream slips his mask off his face and grins, raising Techno's arm over his head triumphantly.

The rivals stand together as the crowd bursts into a tsunami of sound, their cheers crashing around them as they scream Technoblade! Technoblade! The scoreboard flickers and it changes one last time.

Six to four.

He exhales, his heart fluttering.

"I did it..." Techno mutters.

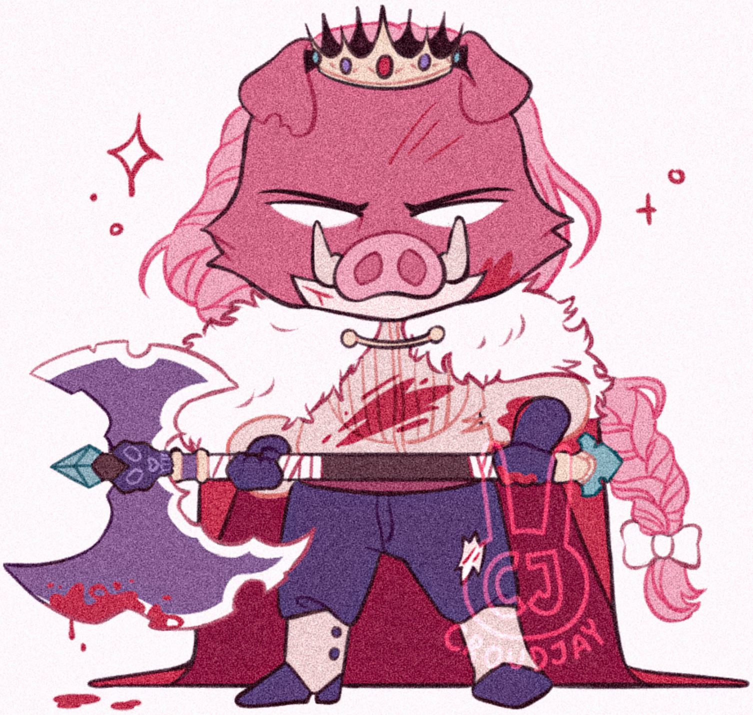
Dream grins at him. "You did it, Techno," he says.
He has to say it again. This time, he roars it, throat raw but he doesn't care. "I did it!"

$100,000 Dollar Duel

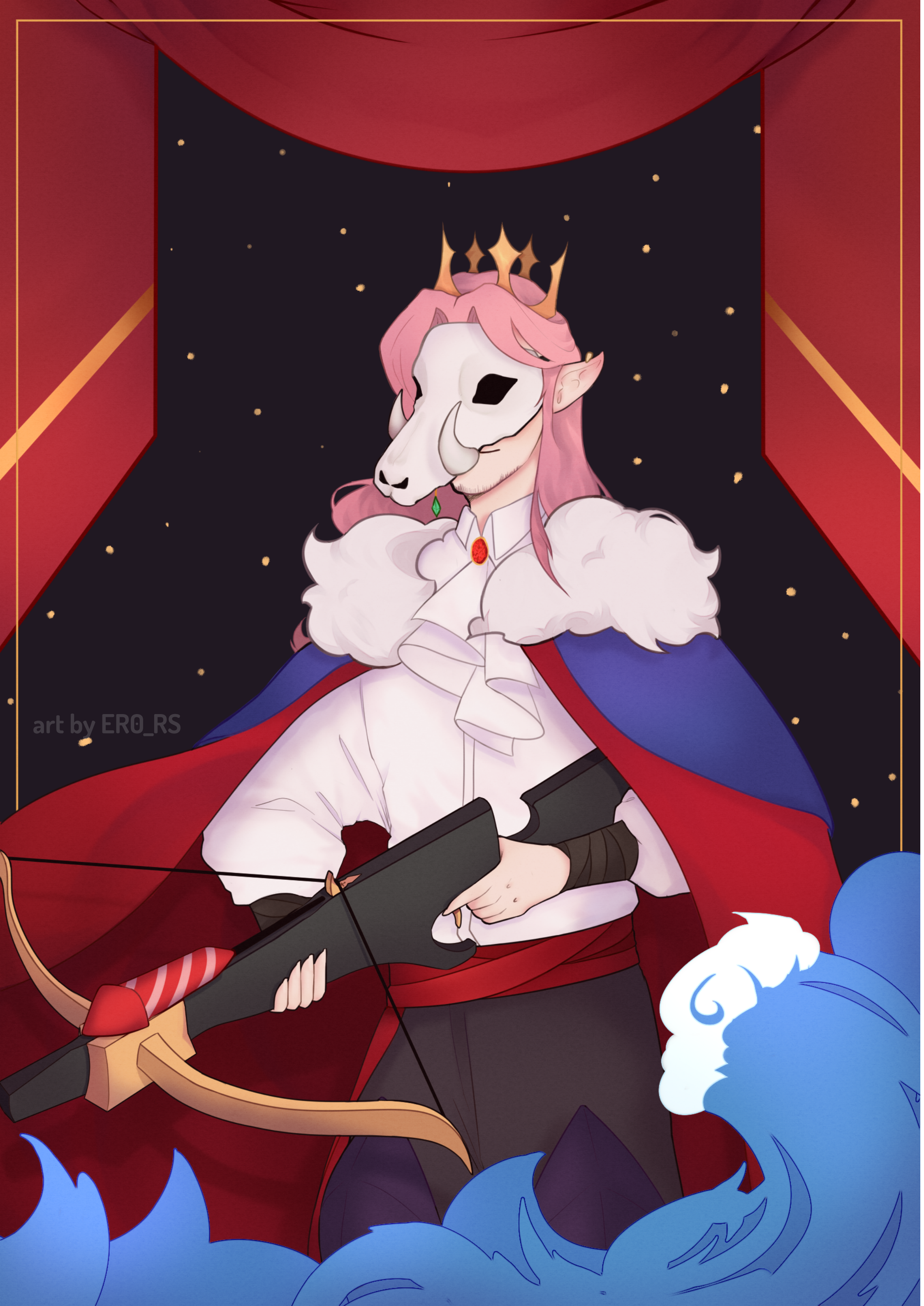
I like shaving wood
My enemy likes that too
I don't like this game

haiku by AMA

all i know is
ANARCHY, VIOLENCE,


CJ
CLOUDJAY

and getting subscribers



the red festival

by Jen

Ringing in my ears. In all honesty, I'm starting to envy those who had died at my hands. Maybe they don't have this god-awful ringing in their ears. I let my feet carry me through the land, past the familiar trees and rivers, to a place my comrades and I called home.

Flashes in my eyes. The flashing of red, white, and blue instilled in my brain, and I fear they might never leave my retinas. I picked them myself, of course, in the colours of their proud flag. I never knew they would ever have this impact on me.

My finger's twitching. I pulled that trigger. Once, twice, nine times. Each accompanied by their own scream, their own consequence, their own ringing that was now in my ears. I know the rumours that they'll spread now, about what I did. They'll say that I laughed, that I heartlessly slaughtered all of them. They don't know -or care- that I laugh when I get nervous, when I have no way out. And I didn't. They'll say I abandoned Tommy as I fled. But they'll never ask themselves whether I did the abandonment, or he did when he watched as I was stood on that stage.

I'd gone back, hadn't I? I had stood in front of Wilbur, ready to protect him. I'd stared my enemies right in the eyes, telling them wordlessly I wouldn't be afraid to fight. I stayed still, even when my voices screamed at me to destroy the place with withers. But even after the fight, I knew I had no choice but to run.

Tubbo was fine. I knew he'd be. My oldest friend had told me about she who he called Death, and how she would guide souls back to the place they were meant to respawn. To my knowledge, Tubbo hadn't died enough to be lost. I wouldn't know what to do if he was.

I was hoping I'd find open arms with the people I shared a home with. A word of understanding, a nod to the situation, but I found nothing but hate. They screamed at me, their voices clawing at my ears, saying “you were supposed to be on our side!” I get their point, I murdered one of them- one of us. But what choice did I have? They know I don't do well under pressure.

I could do nothing but stand there as Wilbur rambled, knowing his mind was slowly getting to a point where he could see no reason. He was right about one thing, though. This world was a mess. I let out another chuckle as Tommy threw another insult at me. “A dick move.” Well, he was kind of right about that one. I committed a massacre, but it wasn't my fault his young eyes weren't used to it. It's a good thing he wasn't. He'd already been through enough.

My communicator was buzzing in my pocket and I could hear their voices. They told me I'd betrayed them. I'd betrayed the country, the people, everything. Suddenly, it was as if I weren't even there. I was moving around aimlessly, they didn't tell me where they were. I stayed there, on the docks, hoping for a word or a sign that yes, they still wanted me back. I could win with ease, but I didn't really feel like facing Manberg again. He had walked away multiple times, but I could feel Purpled's eyes burning my skin. He wanted me gone. I wanted me gone, where the hell was everyone?

“Let's get everyone in Pogtopia!” Wilbur exclaimed happily over the communicator, and I knew Niki was there. Everyone, and I didn't know if that included me. Well, at least I know where they were now. So I ran. I flew. My feet carry me. I don't have to think. That's the good part about being the Human GPS, isn't it? You don't have to think about where you're going, or what path you've been. Grass, trees, dirt, sky. River, clouds, clay, sand. I knew them, and they knew me. I was on my way home. Home? Yes, home.

“Why are you here?” Wilbur asked me before I even arrived. “Are you here for chaos?” Dumb question, he knew I was an anarchist, he'd known from the very beginning. They may not know a lot about me, but this was kind of the thing I'd never been shy or soft-spoken about.
“You can choose not to forgive Technoblade,” I heard him speak to Tommy. “But this guy knows what he's doing!” I'm still not entirely sure if those are comforting words from a deranged mind.

Tommy didn't buy it, instead opting to keep yelling at me. I'd murdered his best friend knowingly, the president had just been collateral damage. I spoke again of peer pressure, and Wilbur laughed. He laughed. And he rambled. That's all he seemed to know how to do at this point.

Did he see me? Did he see Tommy? Or was all he ever saw that button that he was so desperate to press?

I found Pogtopia, crawled through the small opening of dirt, and made my way down the stairs. I knew I'd find them there, but God knows which state I'd find them in. Wilbur cheered my name when he saw me and gave me a pat on the shoulder. It was one of those pats that lasted a bit too long to be truly friendly, his fingers digging in my shoulderblade. Tommy glared at me, axe in his hand. Wilbur looked at him and cooed, acting as if Tommy was just a little kid, not knowing a thing about this world. I knew better. Wilbur told him to speak, but he just gritted his teeth and glared. But it wasn't Tommy's glare that hit me. It was Tubbo.

The boy that had stood before me barely an hour ago, now standing before me again. His eyes weren't the same, an empty gaze, like he barely processed what had just happened and he barely knew the person in front of him. Deep scars marked the side of his face in a way you could only describe as a rugged tiger's fur, and I knew they must mark his chest and arms too. I knew what I'd done. I think. I wondered if either of us knew what I'd done.

I snapped out of this weird daze when Tubbo pointed a crossbow at me. Fair, honestly. Tommy spoke again, trying to keep his voice down.
“Techno, what is wrong with you?”
“A lot of things,” I shrugged, trying to keep my stoic appearance. “Bad attention span, bad at conversation, don't deal too well with social conversations, might have just committed tax fraud-“
“YOU KILLED TUBBO!” So much for keeping his voice down.
“Oh, yeah, and the murders.”

I rambled my way through that conversation, hardly knowing what I was saying. I kept glancing at Tubbo, who was still holding the crossbow, aimed right between my eyes. If he were to fire, I knew it would hurt, but I also knew I could never truly experience the fear he'd just been through. I vaguely registered Wilbur running off as Tommy punched me. He stood right in front of me and told me I wasn't even Pogtopia anymore. A bit ago I might've dreaded that sentence, but the minute he said it, it clicked for me.

“I'm an anarchist, Tommy,” I spoke, looking straight at him. “I just killed everyone.” This wasn't a matter of sides anymore. I played this game for me, and for me only. It didn't matter that Wilbur proudly yelled he'd figured me out from the start. It didn't matter that Tommy thought his world was falling apart. It had always been falling apart. I was not their middle man, I was not their pawn. I was -am- Technoblade, and I stand for myself.

"I want him to leave!" My mind flooded back to the conversation. "I want you to get the hell out of here!"
"You think you can destroy Manberg without my help, Tommy?" I asked. He couldn't. "How well did your charge go earlier, Tommy?" I was ready to tear at him like he did to me, but Wilbur was happy to interrupt. He always was.

"Let's hear Tubbo!" he exclaimed. "Come on, tell us how you feel! Tell us how much you hate Tommy!" Tubbo threw Tommy some crossbows, which were of course immediately pointed at me. I held on tight to my Axe of Peace. He didn't stand a chance.

"Screw you!" Tubbo said, but there wasn't much power behind it. It was almost as if he hesitated under Wilbur's nagging, and I don't think he knew anything. He flinched a bit at every word he spoke and I once again realised the scar. I had an experience or two with scars, I wonder how much they hurt him.
"I feel like I'm in shock," he finally admitted, and I tried my hardest to pretend it wasn't directed at me.

Tommy didn't seem to listen to his friend, instead opting to keep throwing insult after insult at me. Traitor, he said. You joined to help us. You were on our side! I was never on their side. I was on the side against government, which happened to be with Pogtopia. It wasn't my fault they were too blind to see it! And then, for the first time in a while, Wilbur had the right idea.

Fight it out. Make a combat pit. Take off all your armour and put down you weapons. This wasn't a battle of words, it never had been. It was a battle of fists, of strength and of brawn. Niki spoke soft words to Tommy I could barely hear. Wilbur was excited, though. I asked him about his plans about Manberg, and the answer wasn't all too comforting. All in the past, all in the future. It didn't matter. Armour off, weapons down. Wilbur kept pushing all our buttons, and it was clear he was trying to make Tommy violent. He wasn't, I knew that just as well as he did. But for this moment it might be needed.

"I forgive Technoblade," Tubbo said as Wilbur was digging. I thanked him, Tommy gasped. He didn't understand. He'd never understand. Not when Wilbur was still pushing him towards the fight. But Tubbo hated fighting even more than Tommy did, he hated to see his friends fighting. Stay on the course, protect those you love. Who knows, maybe on day he'd make a fine president himself.

Sadly, Wilbur's words had worked, and Tommy was ready to fight. I gave him a last chance to back down, but he didn't want to. Tubbo tried to stop it, Wilbur egged him on. Could we get this over with already? Wilbur's words stung, and they weren't even directed at me.

Tommy could throw the first punch. My body felt light without my armour and my hands felt empty. I still knew what to do with them, though, I wasn't an idiot. As I threw -and received- punch after punch, only one thing crossed my mind.

Blood for the blood god. It's what they wanted, it's what they demanded. So blood they will get, but don't come complaining when it stains. I pulled back my fist and let it shoot forward like an arrow. I felt my knuckles crack a little as they collided with Tommy's jaw, but then they went straight through him. His entire body turned red and he collapsed to the ground, vanishing into thin air. Not canon. I won.

I straightened my collar and put my armour back on. I took a moment to throw most of the stuff that I had accidentally picked up on the ground. I then climbed out of the pit, no longer caring for the consequences it would carry. It stays in the pit. All this stays in the pit. It would always stay in the pit. Nevertheless, I was ready to get a load of angry child over me, so I was surprised when I was just met with a calm Wilbur. He acted like nothing had happened at all, like I didn't just punched his friend to death right in front of him. He rambled about blowing up Manberg, and with a small smirk I promised him I would stand right beside him. I had my beasts of destruction and the spirit to destroy. Manberg hadn't only wronged its own inhabitants, it had also wronged me. I agreed with Wilbur, their government did not deserve to stand.

We shook hands, made promises, shared laughs. I smiled and said we were on the same wavelength, speaking the same language, chasing the same goals. But deep inside I couldn't help but wonder if that was really true. I just hoped he really did agree with me, and that I wouldn't be blamed for following my obvious goals again.

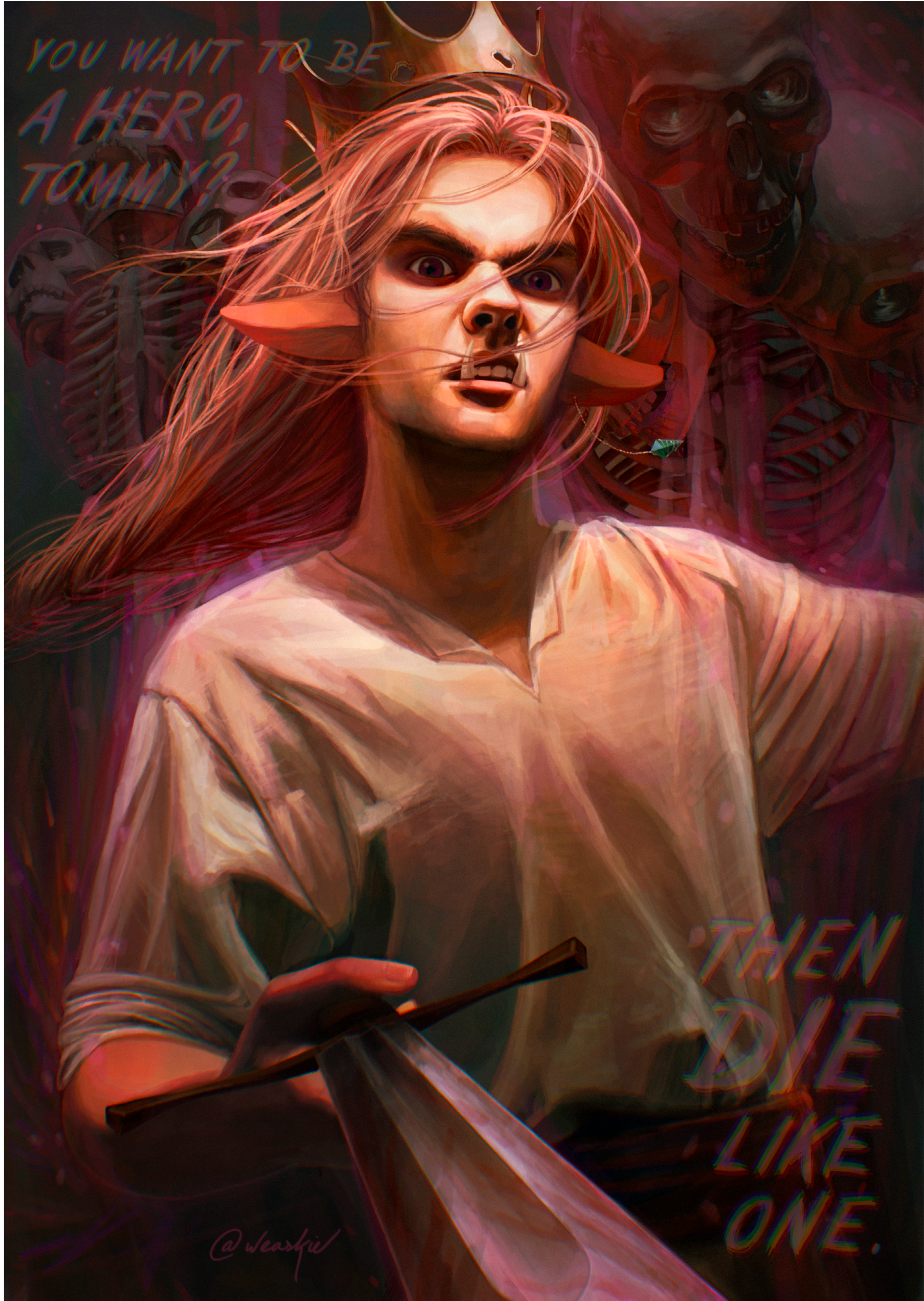
I heard Tommy's voice again, mumbling how I killed Tubbo, and I snapped back at him. It stays in the pit. The conflict had been resolved, in the only way we could. There was no point in bringing it up. A chapter closed, a fight fought. He let his fists speak, it's honestly not my fault he didn't like the chorus.

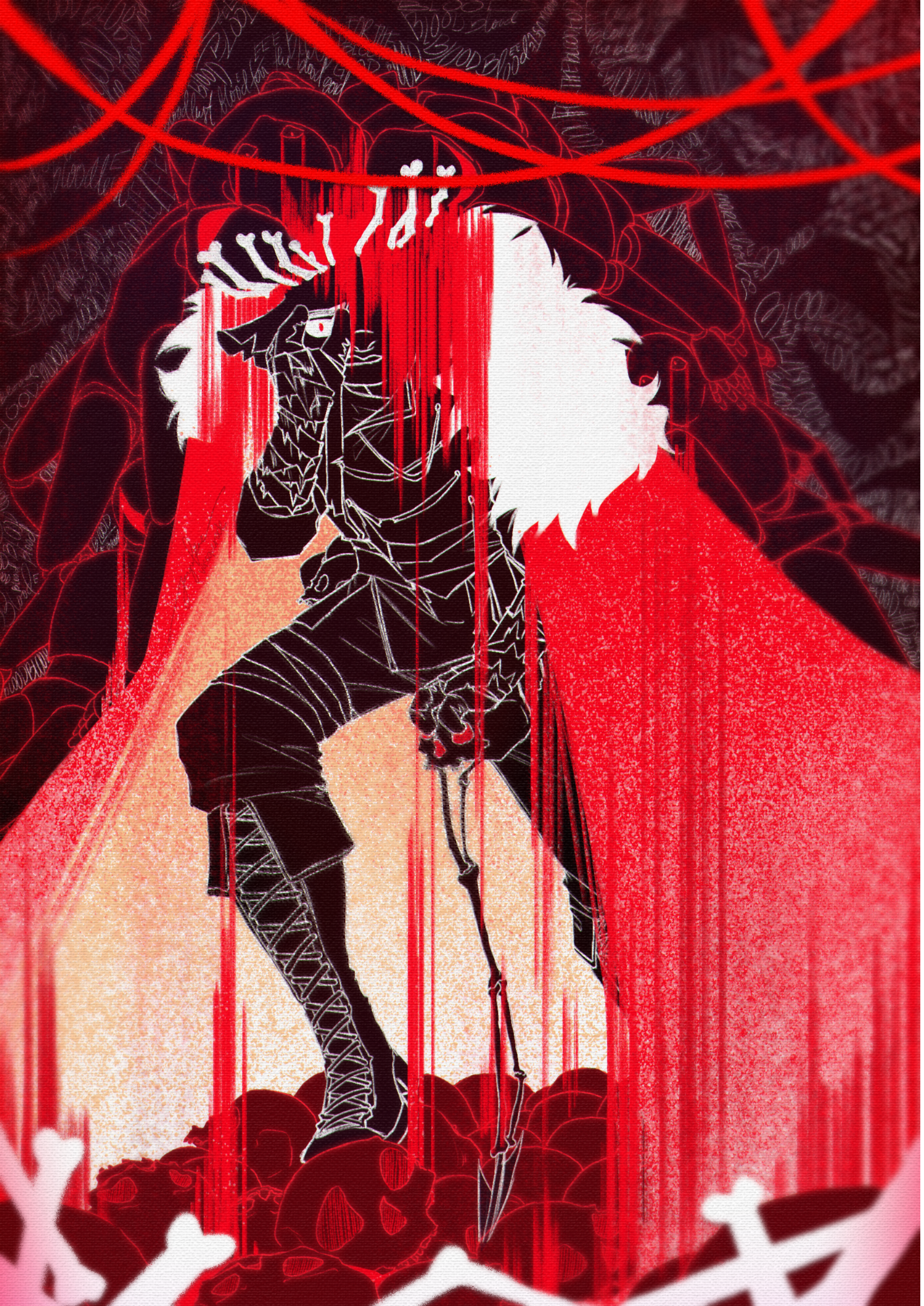
I ran back up the stairs, stopping for a split second to give Tommy his things back. I made my way outside, but Tommy clearly wasn't done talking yet. I tried to ignore it, instead going for the same response: it stays in the pit. But when he wouldn't stop yelling at me, I knew he wasn't listening, and so I spoke.

“You threw the first punch! Then what was it all for? Tommy, the thing is, you’re using words. But the thing about this world, Tommy, is that the only universal language is violence. And we’ve had that conversation. We spoke that language, in the pit. It’s over Tommy. Onto a new day, a new plot, to destroy Manberg!”

And I meant those words, I really did. I tridented away as fast as I could, only sparing a single glance back at the trio that was still hunkered in their hideaway below the ground. One day they’d understand. One day they might be strong and resilient like me.

Now if only I could stop the ringing in my ears


YOU WANT TO BE A HERO, TOMMY?
THEN DIE LIKE ONE.
@weaskie



whispers of sanguis

by Aegis

"Have I ever told you when the voices demanded blood, Phil?
Because they weren't there from the start."

There used to be a time where Technoblade lived in pure silence. He wouldn't speak a word to anyone as that would mean wasting time, even negotiations were pointless. Time he didn't have to spare. The only thoughts he'd hear were his own, but those were usually of him thinking of strategies and plans to be more efficient in his line of work. A slash here and a slash there. Efficient and precise strikes that took out the enemy in a few hits. He doesn't remember when he started this "job" but it's all he's known for years.

He had earned a lot over those years of cutting people down: a reputation and even a title to go by. The Blood God. It became a household name. A title that one can both fear and praise. But he was indifferent towards it. He went wherever the money was trailing. For a while it flattered him that people would even bestow him with a title since he was just someone who was hired to take people out from time to time.

He was content with the life he was leading, though it started to get repetitive sometimes. Take a job, slay the target, take the money, leave. That was it, it was all too easy for him. So he decided to take a break, go silent and not respond to requests people had for him, he didn't need to accept their offers after all. It was his job, sure, but everyone needs a break from the bloodshed once in a while.

So he headed south, without a goal in mind and ended up in an icy land. Whenever he'd take up bounties, he had always heard about someone who had no title but his name was known throughout the lands as much as his own. They called him "Philza". The name stood out to him so he took note of it in case he ever came across someone like that, but it seemed unlikely.

The icy lands gave him a sense of warmth he hadn't felt in a while, as ironic as it seemed. He started to set up camp in one of the mountains and made sure to start a fire. Lucky for him, someone had camped there long before him. But that's when it began. "Blood… for the blood god…" someone whispers. Instinctively, Techno draws his sword and points it in the direction he thought the voice came from, but there wasn't anyone on the other end of his blade.

He ignored it for a while and kept setting his things up but there came the whispers again, but now there were more voices and they were all louder. "Blood for the blood god." "Blood!" "Shed blood!" "E!" "Kill them all!" they screamed over and over. It felt unbearable and overwhelming. There was nothing to slay, no animals in the area or even insects. He was alone in the icy mountains… or so he thought.

But the voices went quiet the moment a hand was on his shoulder. Immediately, Techno turns and points his blade at the person that stood behind him. The edge of his blade directly at the intruder's neck. "Calm down, mate. I was just asking if you were alright, I tried speaking up twice now but you weren't saying a thing. I'm no threat, really." The intruder quickly explained himself, raising his hands up in defense. Techno hesitated for a moment but drew back his sword and looked at the man, he seemed different compared to the people he's met before.

The intruder smiled at him- it didn't seem deceitful- and tipped his hat. "You seem to really like the color green." Techno remarked as he eyed the intruder. He noticed a glimpse of black and gray on his back as well. "Elytra wings? Who are you?" Techno was ready to pull up his sword again.

"Philza. You've probably heard my name flying around before. Seeing as you're quite skilled yourself." Philza confidently responded, nodding at the sword that hung from his belt.

"Not that I recall…" Techno said and thought for a moment, and it hit him. "Wait… are you that warrior people kept talking about? The one with no title?"

Phil looked at him, confused for a moment, "You have a title?" he asked, setting his sword against the wall of the cave and putting the rest of his things on the ground.

"Hey wait, I didn't say you could stay here and yes I have a title. "The Blood God", ever heard of him?" Techno crosses his arms, a bit frustrated at how forward Phil was being after having just met each other.

"The Blood God? Oh, you're him? I probably should've gotten that from the… gown? As well as the crown? Interesting choice for not being a monarch…" Phil said and looked around for a moment before turning his attention back to Techno, "I have nowhere else to go, and besides… I'm taking a break from all the fighting for a bit. Plus, this seems like a great place to get away from it all and just ignore other people. Ruling an empty land doesn't sound too bad either."

Phil stepped outside the cave and stared at the view. "HEH? Whoa whoa! Back up! What do you mean "ruling an empty land"? No one is ruling anything while I'm around!" Techno suddenly yelled at him.

"Take him down. Drive him away." the whispers were persistent, but Techno didn't let it get to him. There was no point in driving someone away when he was already isolated and living around in a cold environment. "Spill his blood."

"Well that's just rude…" Techno thought to himself; there were more whispers than before, repeating phrases over and over. But he could still hear himself think for the most part. He walked over and stood beside Phil, "Alright, I'll take up your offer on that. Let's see what lands lie ahead of us then." he said to Phil as he looked towards the setting sun.

The whispers turned into voices and they became louder as the years passed by. They would quiet whenever Techno would slay unwanted visitors in the Antarctic Empire. But they never really went away. They were helpful in times of need but it would sometimes mess him up during important moments.

He never told Phil about the voices, not knowing how the now "Angel of Death" would take news of his good friend having thoughts of potentially murdering him at any moment, which he wouldn't act on. So he kept it to himself for god knows how long.

"

Soon, Technoblade would be called to join the battle again. It was an offer he couldn't refuse, since the offer came from people he met while residing in the Antarctic. A request from Wilbur Soot and Tommy Innit to assist him against Manburg. The voices cheered and loudly demanded blood as he made his way to a place called the DreamSMP. He found the name odd, but didn't really bother.

He'd gotten used to the endless cries of the many voices, for a while he wondered if these were the voices of those he had killed and he was just cursed to bear with it for as long as he lives. He wouldn't say he was numb to it really… since it would still bother him from time to time.

Hours and hours of the constant call for blood whenever he'd interact with another person. He didn't understand why the voices were so loud this time, it felt like the first time he heard them again. Unbearable. Soon after his arrival on the SMP, a festival was held and Wilbur told him to go ahead and attend and that it didn't bother him at all (which it did).

Then came the peer pressure, the President of Manburg pressuring Techno into pulling his trigger on his crossbow and gravely injuring Tubbo who stood in front of him, helpless and vulnerable. The voices didn't care who it was, they just wanted blood. That tipped him, and he pulled his trigger at Tubbo then at the crowd before making his escape.

He had been through a lot in his time at the SMP- war and betrayal to name a few- but it didn't matter since Phil had somehow made his way onto the SMP as well and told Techno the things he missed and that Wilbur was his son. Techno didn't question it, and for a moment wondered why Phil never mentioned it to him while they resided and ruled over the Antarctic but he decided to just leave it and be glad he finally had someone he could trust.

Trust. *Trust.* The word put a sour taste in his mouth, he could deal with the people he just met and didn't have a deep connection with leaving him so suddenly and branding him as a **traitor.** But he somehow felt guilt for not yet having told Phil, a person he trusts with even his life, about them. About the voices.

So, he finally made the decision to admit it to Phil about the voices he's heard for years since they had met. While in a boat on the way, transferring his things from his old base to a more familiar environment where the weather is infinitely cold, he decided to bring it up. There was no one else there, so no one could use this information against him.

"Phil?" he spoke up as they neared the shore. "There's something I haven't really told anyone yet."

"Yeah?" Phil questioned, he had trust in Techno and seemed ready for anything he could say.

"The reason it's difficult for me to be… non-violent is because I hear voices, Phil." he explained, the air feeling tense for a moment, but Phil's demeanor doesn't change to Techno's surprise. "These voices demand blood, Phil. They demand blood."

"Well that doesn't really change a thing, Techno. You haven't really acted on it towards the people you care about. If you can still decipher the people you care about from the people that don't care for you, then that's just alright with me. I have nothing to fear, I have your back while you have mine." Phil explained as he chuckled lightly.

For some reason, Techno found comfort in the reassurance Phil gave since he did have a point. He never harmed Phil, if he did harm someone it was the pressure of the voices and other people.

"Have I ever told you when the voices demanded blood, Phil? Because they weren't there from the start." he said as they sat comfortably across the fireplace, embracing the heat.

"I don't think so, you just talked about their existence a while back." Phil responded, staring into the flames.

"Well I guess I have another story to tell." Techno began.

admittance in retaliation

by dot / krow

Technoblade is not a monster.

The butt of his crossbow is harsh against an opponent's face but they wouldn't live to complain if he turned it over and shot the colourful death in its holster. He is far from impartial; he is biased in the best way possible. Those who show him kindness will receive that kindness tenfold. Whether that be in the form of armour in return for books pushed into trembling hands with a warning to run or a life saved in return for breaking out of a high security prison.

Techno like all people is not perfect but he tries. Makes up for his small downfalls in his willingness to improve and his hope for better things. His methods are unorthodox and violent but when you live in a world where the only words that matter are between swords and axes and the only time your speeches are heard is when you're above with a wither skull in your hands, can you blame him?

Is he any less of a person than anyone else just because he cracked the code? Just because he isn't focused on the confusing spectrum of right or wrong. That he's realised the only thing that matters is what's necessary.
It's a blessing and a curse— to be aware enough to do something about it but be so far from the grain most don't believe in you.

In most cases, he doesn't care but he slipped up. His armour can protect his soft flesh but it can't stop his fragile heart from trying to help those who can't help themselves. It only makes sense that he'd try to surround himself with people like him.
It makes even more sense that he would have miscalculated.
Tommy is a wonderful example of this and Technoblade looks down at him, tries to give him the same indifferent look he gave to everyone else. That wouldn't slide for Tommy.

Technoblade wonders how Tommy imagined this conversation ending in his head. Some tortured part of Techno imagines he expected everything to be fine in the end— L'manberg reconstructed, the discs in Tommy's possession and his newest warrior 'The Blade' back in his holster.

Perhaps that was what sparked his anger— his complete forgoing of a story, of flowery storytelling leaving nothing but emotions raw like a freshly skinned wound. It blisters and stings saying these things Techno realises and a panicked part of him feels strange being this vulnerable in front of an audience but Tommy— Tommy, Tommy, Tommy has always been one for exceptions. Has always been great at making people react strongly.

Could you blame Techno? It's always about the discs— and why aren't you looking at me Techno? Why aren't you listening to me?! You never listen to me, Techno! You're **selfish**. We're your friends! How could you—

Fumbling excuses and justification tumble from the blond's lips like bubbling magma and if Techno didn't know any better he thought he was being guilt tripped. Perhaps what made listening to him even more frustrating was the fact that Tommy believed every foolish word he spat.

The fact that Tommy, in that moment, didn't see a thing wrong with what he was saying. Was so caught up in justifying why he was in the right that he didn't even care to listen to why Techno was doing this in the first place.
"People are above the government—" As if that's not what Technoblade's been thinking this entire time—

"I'm a person!"

I'm more important than disks. I'm more than just a weapon to wield. I housed you, I would have given you everything, I would have been there for you— I ***have*** *been there for you. I loved you, you were like a brother to me, how could you— Please for once, open your stubborn eyes and look at* ***me*** *properly for once in your life—*

Technoblade is a person and like most people, his words go unheard.
The words go in through one ear and out the other, another justification— excuse forming in Tommy's speech ("And it was and you killed Tubbo! Don't forget about the past right now!") and Techno had had enough.
He was done trying to prove anything to someone who left him— two times! He was stupid for thinking someone so attached to items and objects would care about things that actually mattered like people and freedom. That was on Techno.

L'manberg died that day.

He sends salutes to Dream from high above the obsidian grid and tugs at Phil's arms with a grin as they flee the smoldering crater. It should end there. A tyrannical government ended in the blink of an eye, the final page of the book of L'manberg ended. A bittersweet but ultimately necessary ending to this book in the series.

The epilogue instead takes place under the candle light of Technoblade's room. The chorus of voices in his head are satiated, extremely pleased with the offering that was Doomsday. Despite the momentary hush, Techno's thoughts are racing.

I am a person. He said it as a retaliation to Tommy's words and a part of him wonders if he was trying to convince himself. It's hard to turn away and think outside of what others force upon you.

To them— to what was L'manberg, Technoblade is a hurricane.

He is the starting breeze, the violent spray of rain water, the thunderous roar from the heavens. He is relentless, cruel and disastrous.

The eye of the storm is icy blue and merciless. He is cruel, not because he kills millions, not because he ravishes homes, not even because he forces you to listen to his very long, well worded speech— come on, who has time to listen to this guy—it's because he keeps you alive.

A fate worse than dying with your country is living with the fact that you couldn't protect it.

It is Technoblade who is the problem. He who drapes himself in the colour of blood, who carries the weight of a thousand souls on his shoulders without remorse, who dare blame us for calling him a weapon when all he does is weaponise himself.

Technoblade is a monster but he isn't wrong at least; the only universal language is violence and everyone heeds a hurricane warning.

That's what they say— that's what Techno assumes they say. His enemies, those who were foolish enough to cross him, those jealous of his power to the point of awe. To those who matter, Techno likes to hope they see him differently.

That he has a heart that aches and flesh so fragile he strengthens it with armour. He has blue eyes, dark hair and hands— calloused hands— hands that hold a sword best but is just as terrifying with an axe, hands that caress fox's heads, hands that can dislocate shouty bastard's jaws, hands that hug his loved ones, that light tnt, that repay his favours so that they can never be used against him, that that that that—

Technoblade is a person and like all people he is a victim of injustice.
His attacks are not circumstantial. He is not a cruel event set by bored gods in hopes of watching mortals struggle. He is not a plague that ravishes the lands, destroying everything in his path. He is not a monster to be tamed.
When Technoblade attacks there is reason behind his fury.

Technoblade is a person but he is not cruel.

Technoblade leaves you alive because his goal is not destruction nor is it chaos. Sometimes you need someone to take away what's hurting you for you to grow.

In this case it was L'manberg.

More specifically, for Tommy it was Technoblade. He didn't even have to take himself out of the equation granted Tommy walked away but it was up to Techno to keep away. It should have been easy, after all Tommy did to him, Techno shouldn't even be thinking of him.

Techno blew up Tommy's pit because it was a nuisance. (It would have been too painful to look at otherwise.)

He and Phil destroyed Tommy's tower because it was an eyesore. (He can imagine Tommy's boisterous laughter at seeing Technoblade's exasperated expression when he finished making it.)

Techno didn't bother taking back the axe of peace because of the chaos.
Why couldn't Techno just hate him? Why is there still an ache in his chest that wants to help? Why is there a part of him that misses him?

Technoblade's breath comes out in a shudder and he swallows thickly. The candle in front of him flickers with the sudden gust of air and Techno commits to the action and blows it out. He pulls the covers of his bed over him, putting down the book he'd been writing in.

He'll never learn if Techno keeps giving him second chances. Perhaps it's a bit malicious for Techno to hope Tommy would look back on this moment and regret it but he's allowed a bit of malice. In a different universe maybe they would have met under better circumstances— where Tommy didn't see Techno as a means to an end, a fun little murder toy to call an older brother, maybe things would have been better.

'I hope you find what you're looking for, because it's obviously not with me.'

@pamelloe zoeee_hhh

CJ
CROUDJAY

vengeance on a god

by Kate

He should've expected this of the L'manberg government – he really should have. Instead, he received word of the president's plans through Phil. Good old Phil who was currently who knows where.

As he raced upstairs to gather golden apples, a certain someone made themselves known. He had familiarised himself with this feeling by now. A little tugging sensation at the back of his head that was distracting enough to disturb his thought process – something he desperately needed to remain functional right now.

"Ghostbur, this is a terrible time. It's really just a horrible time. Really…" He peeked out the window, "not good."

As much as he appreciated the guy, his inability to lie and innocence was ruining this whole thing.

Techno shoved his anxiety into the back of his mind.

It's difficult to say when everything really took a turn for the worse. He remembers all his hope for any type of peaceful confrontation vanishing.
His admittedly poor attempt at distraction had failed. In his defence, it was mostly for the sake of stalling.

Technoblade, The Blade, 'Friend of the Angel of Death'. All names used for him. Violent and intimidating in nature. He couldn't deny that he appreciated the respect, the fear. But with his retirement going smoothly so far, he had had hope that this is how he could live for the rest of eternity.

With Phil, with Carl. A quaint little cottage in the snowy plains. Things were looking good.

Leave it up to figures of authority to ruin the whole thing. Of course. So maybe he was a little ashamed at the pleading tone his voice took on as he tried to knock some sense into the small group of wannabe politicians playing cops standing in front of him.

"I have gone through so much effort over the past month to change my ways. Please don't make me kill all of you. Please, just…" He took a breath to steady his whirring brain where the voices were advocating for violence as usual, "… leave."

His voice was starting to strain – the loudness in his head becoming just slightly too hard to tolerate.

"You're gonna fucking come with us. There is no other way. You're a smart man, you know this." Quackity's voice was grating against his ears uncomfortably as his vision blurred slightly at the edges.

'Blood for the Blood God!'
'Blood for the Blood God,' another one piped up.
'Blood.'

'Blood. Blood for the Blood God. Blood. Blood.'
'Blood blood blood blood bloodbloodblood-'

He huffed in irritation.
"If there's no other way…"

Techno closed his eyes. Another deep breath.

'BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD'

Quackity slid his foot back a bit, grip on his axe tightening.

Technoblade's eyes suddenly snapped open, now glowing red.

"I choose blood."

He felt like he was on autopilot, splashing pots on himself as quickly as possible before swiftly evading an oncoming blow from Quackity's netherite axe.

Regardless of the cloudiness in his head, every movement was calculated – it was precise. As if he had choreographed this whole thing out in his mind beforehand.

The previously grounding sound of crunchy snow and the familiar sound of metal on metal were now indistinguishable from the screams of his opponents. That's all they were at that moment. Opponents, obstacles, enemies.

His eyes met with the lanky kid who was, weirdly enough, not fighting but standing timidly to the side. He furrowed his brows and blocked a swing from the mighty president of L'manberg himself.

Techno quickly turned to face Tubbo and sent a forceful kick his way. It made the latter fall down onto the snowy ground.
Techno slowly walked towards the screaming 'leader'.

Now that he thought about it, he hadn't seemed in control of this little club at all. Instead, Quackity was calling all the shots. Food for thought, but he really wasn't interested in thinking right now.

"Quackity! Big Q- Please! Do something! DO SOMETHING! FUCK-"

'Too late,' he thought, focusing his next attacks all on Fundy. A faint memory of Wilbur staring at a wild fox for a bit too long on one of their hunting sessions crossed his mind.

"Wilbur, come on, Tommy's waiting."
At the following silence, he turned around to gaze at the clearly tired man.
"Wil-"
"Yes, yes… I'm coming."

Good enough for him. As they trudged on, he thought maybe he heard a shuddering sigh but shrugged it off as just paranoia – the voices were being strangely quiet that day.

Techno tuned back into the fight at Quackity's yells. Now normally he would have ignored it, but something in him told him to turn around. He knocked Fundy back and promptly faced the source of the oh so loud noise.
"What- Wait, wait, wait. Quackity. Quackity, what are you doing?"

"Stop right there, Technoblade. Don't move a fucking muscle." Quackity's voice came out more as a hiss than a yell. But Technoblade couldn't care any less about the man's intonation and pitch at the moment.

That was Carl.
Carl, despite being a horse, (an intelligent one at that) was someone Techno highly appreciated as an individual. Carl: his trustworthy companion and reliable ally.

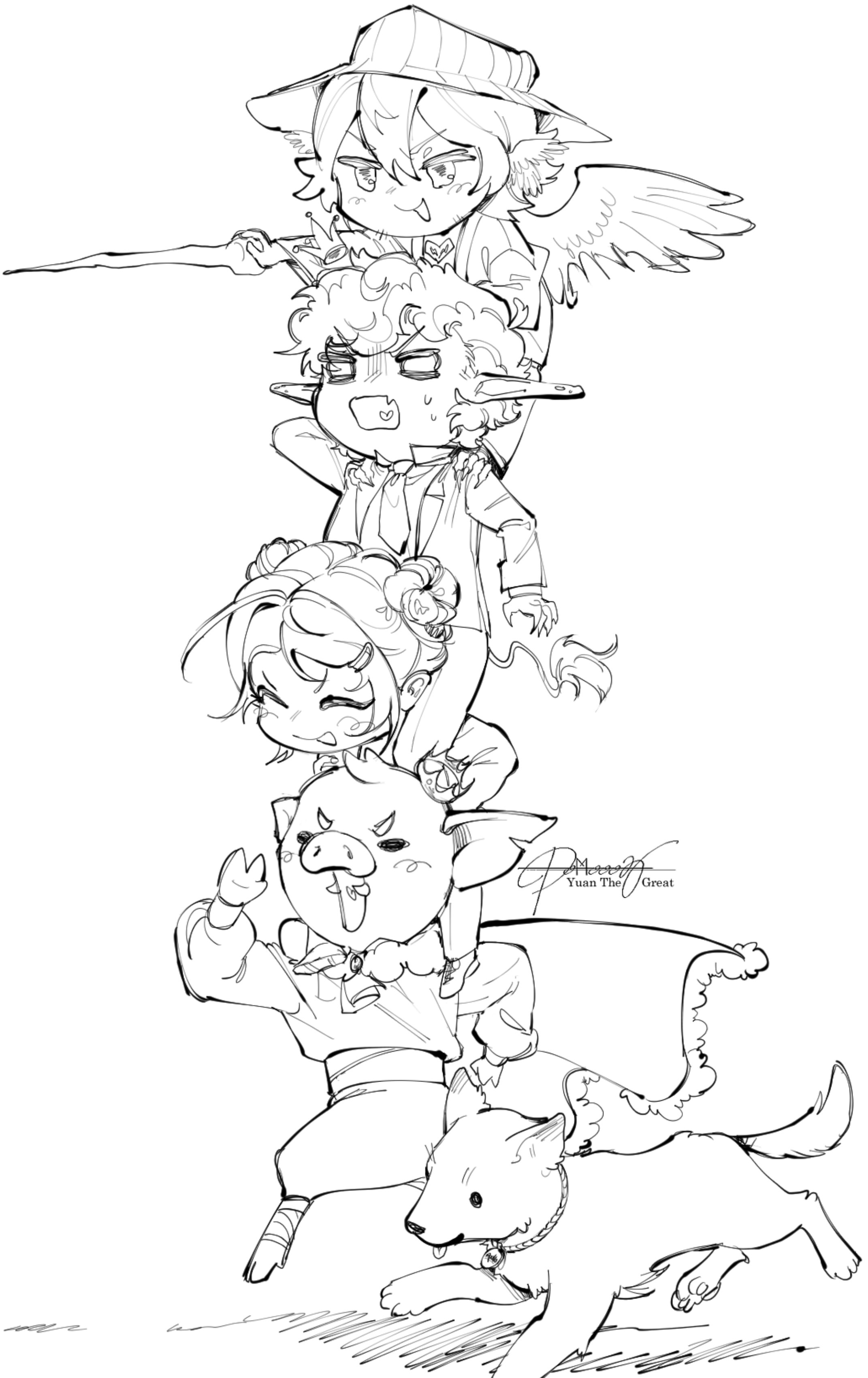
No…
No.
No!

'Carl!'
'Carl… Carl…'
'Carl Carl Carl Carl Carl-'

"Now what's going to happen is that you, Technoblade, are going to drop your armour, weapons and everything else in your god damned inventory right fucking now or I swear to the GODS."
"What did the horse ever-"
"If you want this horse to live," the pause in his speech was definitely intentional, "you will do as I say."

And so he did. Surrendered every item he had on him…
with a few exceptions.
They would regret this.
Because everyone knows: *Technoblade never dies.*

art by jester_u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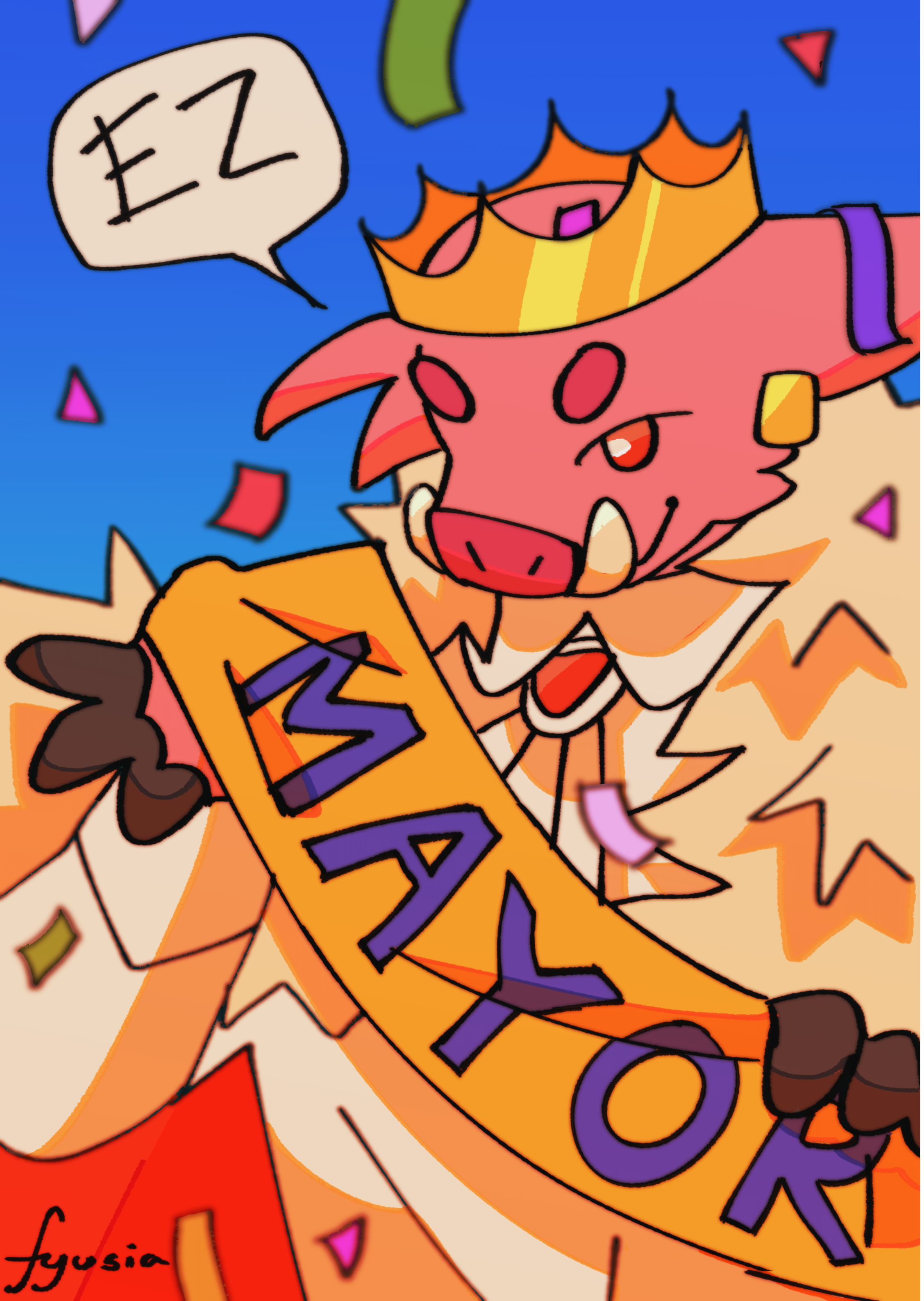


the sun rises again

by dot / krow

A hopeful man once said, looks like Barry won't be last place this time.

Oh, how wrong he was.

It was funny, it was a funny idea. Oh, ha ha, Dante wants to 'Establish Order' and uh, 'Strengthen Security' and let's not forget 'Freedom from Fear,' oh come on.

It was like being presented with a big red button— you knew the outcome couldn't be anything but bad but you just had to know how bad it could get.

We're bored, don't blame us.

It was something to do, something to shake up the sleepy life of bored billionaires and maybe troll some clueless newcomers. *Perhaps* we should have been concerned when our gods told us not to vote for him.

Perhaps we should have just ignored him. Y'know, let Barry stretch his legs from the last place position. *Perhaps* we shouldn't base our votes on how funny or how interesting a candidate is over our wellbeing as citizens and focus more on that candidate's effect on the community as a whole.

Perhaps.

It wasn't even that bad at first. Inconvenient, sure, but not bad.

No one likes taxes, but Dante's goal of 'Economy Restoration' will prove to be futile with how fast things go in and out of demand. (Lest we not forget the laughable tragedy the Potato War caused.) Dante underestimates the heights the community will go for good items; the dark auction is a prime example of that.

The events being cancelled caused a bit more of an outrage but Dante remained firm on his promise of *'protecting his citizens from hazardous events.'* Okay, dude, just say you're the grinch and go.

Not to mention how the goons are a pain— not just by doing their job but on the eyes as well. There were rumours that they sweat some sort of green substance, not to mention the way they talk was annoying too. Primitive is a good word for them; they seemed more animalistic than human. Their mere presence as well was more oppressive than protective— as Dante was apparently going for.

Still, we sucked it up cause it's not like this would be permanent, no matter what Dante said. Like everyone else, his term will come to an end.
And when his term did supposedly end, when election day came, inconvenience turned to detrimence.

No SLASHED prices. Nothing on increased bank interest. And for once, I think someone was actually hoping to see Barry's stupid extra experience on alchemy— Nothing.

No Barry, Just Dante.

The Age Of Dante had begun.

The people of skyblock never thought they'd see Seraphine again.

The day she'd been fired from Dante, she ran off in a supposed rage deep into the wilderness. With all the chaos— sorry, order (wrong mayor) of the election, everyone kind of forgot about the dark auction. Some assumed Dante had closed that as well.

It was weird seeing the door opened for once. Sirius usually kept the door locked tight, only allowing those in under special occasions. What they found that day wasn't Sirius or any high level things to buy, but instead Seraphine, their lovely clerk back with a new fire in her eyes.

It was there that word of a revolution began to spread.

Those who saw through his tyranny crowded the dark auction house, looking to Seraphine for answers.

"What about Hypixel!" We asked, "Su-surely, he wouldn't allow this."

The way Seraphine's frown deepened was enough of an answer.

"The-The admins?" We tried again and Seraphine stared back at the crowd.

"They're on his side." She announced softly, "Our gods gave us a choice and because we didn't heed their warnings we pay the price."

Oh, gods. If the admins weren't going to clean up their mess—

"What are we going to do?" They were doomed…

It was strange though.

Seraphine was calm. Too calm for a woman who'd just lost her job. Far too composed for someone who was currently watching her home be subject to this kind of tyranny. Seraphine, our first mayor who stepped down in the name of democracy, didn't look the slightest bit disturbed.

"We're going to have a vote," She said, in the same poised and controlled manner. "We're going to have it so that you all can vote for someone to lead this revolution."

Confusion rang amongst the auction house, questions being thrown left and right.

"Bruh… Not you making us pick again."

"I've seen this trick before."

"Is an admin **vanished** or something?"

"Wh— Seraphine, this is your revolution. Why can't you—"

"No." The last question had caught Seraphine's attention and her stern voice was quick to shut down any other chatter, the citizens stunned by her resolve. "No, I'm not going to put myself in power simply because I set this up. I would be no better than Dante in that regard."

"But Dante is—"

“Delusional and dictatorial, but believes he’s doing us a service.” Seraphine saw mouths opening to protest and she held a hand up, continuing with her voice a bit louder.

“Even if it’s difficult to understand, I can’t— I just… I don’t feel right doing that.” How she manages to be even the slightest bit sympathetic to such a man didn’t make sense to us. Not just because of how much of a pain he was, but because of what he did to her. How he tainted elections and made democracy difficult shouldn’t be given the slightest bit of sympathy but she was defending him.

Seraphine took a deep breath and gently smoothed down her skirt as she continued, “Democracy isn’t any harder than it was before. Still simple.”
“It’s never been this simple.”

Seraphine smiles. “There’s no limits this time. Vote amongst yourselves someone you’ve deemed worthy.”

It was even more votes than we were used to— the horror of more choices weighed upon us when it was presented. Skyblock is big, there are a lot of people there and simply choosing one person was a bigger stress than Seraphine made it out to be. I suppose we could look to the more popular hard working players. Dante added a tax on speaking and checking out forums, but surely we could come to a safe and smart conclusi—

“Gonna vote Technoblade,” One voice shot out, heads turned towards them. The name hadn’t been uttered in sometime but *everyone knew*— everyone had a memory of the guy when his name was spoken. The speaker glanced up and blinked. The crowd blinked back.

“It’d be kinda funny, dontcha think?”

Seraphine narrowed her eyes at the explanation. “Well, at least pick someone who’s going to presen—”

“LMAO, that is kinda funny,” another person agreed and the soft ding of voting sounded in the auction house. Sounded by another, and the next, until the sound filled the small room so many times it might as well have given them tinnitus.

Do two jokes make for good content? It’s not a common question but it’s still one that’s worthy of being asked.

One vote that cost them their freedom, ruined their gaming experience and sunk Skyblock into an age of despair and another vote that freed them of such. In the same way they didn’t think too much about the last vote, they didn’t think too much of this.

Thirtyvirus, the runner up, was a great pick for a leader. The few who actually did some critical thinking when voting (lmao, imagine) were right in thinking so. It didn’t matter. Technoblade was too busy garnering clout from that SMP he’s a part of to even glance in the direction of Skyblock.

There’s no chance in hell that he’s coming here.

“It’s so strange…”

“What’s wrong, Seraphine?”

“I’ve been looking at ways to defeat Dante, to have a proper fight against him but there’s something… off, about him.”

There’s a beat of silence. Seraphine sighs.

“It’s not too much of a problem. I’m going to have a meeting with the blacksmith. I’ll bring up the topic of custom-made armour and weapons.”

Technoblade returned home just as he’d left: abruptly.

He came back to us with the airiness of someone who never left. He slipped into the old coat of skyblock like it didn’t squeeze his biceps and tighten around his throat. He returned with the promise of a revolution.

Technoblade was just as over the top as he was when he left. His love of theatrics was prevalent and was familiar in the way the taste of silver is on a privileged child’s tongue. He stood above us all from the overhang of a building, high up on a mountain where you could marvel at the way icy wind didn’t seem to bother him. His very passion was enough warmth for him to withstand it.

Perhaps in those heavy Greek myth books Technoblade likes, most likely ones that inspired the scenery he led them to, the leader standing above his army was a show of their difference in power. It would be a grand and inspiring moment, perhaps most would compare it to a Greek Hero shouting proclamations to the city of Athens.

Unfortunately for him, skyblock players and trained soldiers had very different values of discipline.

Personal space? Very nonexistent when everyone wanted to be on top as well. You could see how taken aback Technoblade was at first, but he brushed it off, deciding that his speech was more important than the setting.

It was kind of down-to-earth in a way. Technoblade seemed to be in his element as he sparked inspiration in the members with his words, barely faltered, growing more excited with their cheers and even sported a grin when chantings began.

It still felt like their Techno as well; the speeches were new but the grandiose of it sounded very similar to the tangents he would get into during the potato war when people caught him in the marketplace.

His humour was still there as well, something most people assumed he'd lost with how serious he was sounding now. It absolutely delighted the crowd when Technoblade boasted about being #1 in combat on the skyblock server only to press his screen against his chest when wandering eyes tried looking too closely. It was ironic hearing him lament about taxes when everyone knew he was one of the richest players with how interest worked.

Though it was through careless, memey means, they were happy to have Techno back. It didn't take a statistics buff to know that he was going to win the vote by a landslide.

His own popularity was a large factor of it. That and a bit of gratitude.

Only Technoblade would go out of his way to make a speech to inspire the masses. A speech he didn't even need to make— hell! He could have just vaguely mentioned his interest and still won. Though that wouldn't be like Techno at all. Hypixel's favourite golden child, their beloved overcompensating piggy, their little oink oink, of course, would go above and beyond.

Technoblade was welcomed into the Resistance HeadQuarters with open arms. The pigman had won by a landslide and the runner ups were put in the position of generals. After being informed of his new title, Techno did what any good leader of a revolution would do: completely disappear and only show up a couple of times in public, most likely in a disguise. (Some people would be observant enough to see through this and report on it later.) Then out of nowhere showing up on the day of the revolution stacked to the gods.

You know, basic Techno behaviour.

"Wh— why can't I use my pet?"

"Uh, Dante banned them."

The pigman deadpanned.

"Ah yes, because the law matters in this case."

"Look, I can't help what Dante chooses
to disable. We just have to deal with it.
work around it."

"We are currently plannin' a coup for a brutal
Dictator— a coup led by an anarchist with a history
of violence and crime but y'know, it would-it would
be rude to break the rules! I get it, I get it."

"Am I stupid or is it too dark for 1pm.
Is this that daylight savin's thing?"

"Dante decreased sunlight."

"HEH?"

"Yeah, 'did it to prevent sunburn—"

"I don't care about the reasonin'! How'd
he manage that?!"

"Why are you putting so much effort into this man? I mean we appreciate it but what do you gain from this?"

"Skyblock is my home. My roots, where it all started for me. I can't bear to see a place I have so many fond memories of— a place where I made my mark on the world for the first time be subjected to something terrible."

"Oh wow, really?"

"No, I'm desperate for validation and appreciation. Everyone here loves me and I could use the ego boost if I'm being honest."

"That SMP not doing so well?"

"I literally gave them everything they could have needed and more to win a war—AND THEY STILL HATE ME—"

Most men consider it impolite to bring a knife to a gunfight.

Technoblade, the pig that he is, showed up on the day of the uprising with four swords strapped to his belt. Despite the so-called disappointment that was his opponents back on the SMP, he still allowed himself to over prepare.

He was a bit bummed that his time in dungeons was wasted— 'cause that took time and effort, getting carried, I'll have you know. It's not to say Technoblade was ungrateful that Seraphine provided them with items to aid them in the revolution, but you could see a little bit of him die inside when he shucked off his newest armour set.

The day of the Uprising was tense to say the least. To say they had a plan was a bit wishful; they had a goal. Get rid of Dante. How they get there, they'd figure it out on the way.

Okay maybe saying we didn't have a plan was downplaying our abilities. We planned, we had the armour and the weapons, and most importantly, our element of surprise.
"Leaders of the Resistance," a booming voice rang through the hub. It's the same voice Dante used when shouting out his announcements. This one in particular sent a cold sweat running down our backs. "Meet me in the community center. It's time we settle this."

Okay, so, no element of surprise. That's fine! Despite the fact that Dante had goons, we have wonderful generals and a great leader. The armour proved to be much stronger than most had expected and with the power of his loyal voters endorsements, Technoblade barely even had to use his swords. His laughter could be heard bouncing around the crowds followed by the fresh smack of a fist colliding with a goon's face.

It was a moshpit of clashing swords and wrestling, fists descending on bodies and blades pressing into supple flesh, the shrieks of pain could be drowned out by the laughs of surprise at how easy it seemed to defeat this wave. In terms of power they were winning and slowly but surely raising the ranks in terms of numbers. Blood was flying, radiant orbs were twinkling and they were seemingly in the clear, a step closer to freedom from the tyrant.

"These Goons are utterly useless," Dante sighed, leaning against the hub portal like he wasn't the tyrant everyone was fighting against. Technoblade must have realised this since he scoffed, drawing his sword before something he saw made him pause and stumble back.

Something like a boil formed on Dante's face; a boil that swelled red and continued to cover his face like a persistent rash. "But we knew that already." He turned over at the audience he had assembled who flinched at the sight of the boils turning green. Whatever was beneath those boils slurred and slushed, the sight so jarring it had everyone pausing. The reaction was something Dante had anticipated and grinned, only to show no teeth and slimed gums. "Goons! Assemble!"

Their moment of confusion proved to be their momentary downfall as another wave of goons ran in from inside the town center. Everyone raised their weapons, preparing for another battle. Instead, the goons passed them, running straight to Dante.

Those who managed to get a closer look noticed their eyes were leaking, absolutely dripping with green goo— *slime,* they realised a tick too late.

"I am Dante."

One goon jumped in a full tackle, colliding with Dante. Instead of falling backwards, the goon merged into Dante's torso, a large green boil sporting from his stomach like a concerning case of beer belly.

“My voice is thunder—” he grunted as another goon merged into his side and another, after another.

“My speech is law.”

It seemed like the numbers would never end and the few resistance members who realised something was off were pushed to the side or the few who managed to down a goon before they got to them, another went in his place.
“My skin is tougher than a thousand armours.”

Just when it seemed like it was finally over, eyes turned to the hub central to see the slimy amalgamation of Dante, now fueled by the form of his useless goons. For just a moment, it was a grotesque sight of legs and arms, and stray torsos, a mixed meld of green and tan bodies as well as a single goon’s peeking head before it swelled close together and bursted out into a large shape.

A slime. Dante was a slime.

A slime that towered over them. A creature so large it casted a shadow over the hub. Eyes that only looked small on this new Dante’s face, formed in his head before glancing down at the town he’d vowed to protect. At the citizens he promised nothing but safety for.

“I am Dante and the world quakes beneath me.” His voice wasn’t as deep as before, now overlayed with this gurgling sound like constantly choking on his own spit. Slime dripped and clung to the floor around him. (Idly, someone sighed, pitying the poor fool who had to clean this up.)

“You had a choice and you chose Death. Before your end, witness my fury.”

Okay maybe we’re a bit behind on power.

Dante’s gelatinous form wreaked havoc on our community center. Destroying the town hall, the auction and the bank, (the last one bringing tears to more than the last two) nothing was safe from his wrath. Thunder descended on the earth and the sky, once placed in eternal darkness, burned red with Dante’s fury.

Panicked swords attempted to drive themselves into Dante’s sides only for it to phase through without any sign of it doing much. Hands blindly grasped for the staff that had laid useless at their sides, now the only thing that could be used to get a hit of damage onto Dante. Chunks of his slime form were being taken off, the first chunk falling and landing in the town house.

Celebrations quickly drew to a halt when he slowly began to regenerate. We couldn’t work slowly it seemed. Not only that but the chunks that did fly came alive; the remnants of Dante’s goons still fighting against us in a new slimey form.

It was scary. The sight of our home— our community for years now being destroyed really put into perspective how hopeless our situation was.

“You voted for me, my sweet children!” Dante gurgled, “But Technoblade corrupted you!”

In the distance, one could hear a shaky ‘bruhhh’ from said man. “Can’t you see! I’m built different.”

Whether it was to prove a point or just a moment in anger, Dante lunged at Technoblade, who’d been perching on one of the buildings.

Luckily the pigman just barely jumped away, his eyes now trained on the slime once he realised he was being challenged. A wall of lightning crowded around the two, now facing each other in a heated stare off. It was unsure whether it was stupidity or some self-sacrificial instinct that fueled his next move but Technoblade only got closer, nearly eye to eye with Dante.

A tyrant against an anarchist.

“Y’know, Technoblade, Peace isn’t earned,” Dante bubbled firmly. Technoblade shook his head, not out of disapproval more confusion than anything.

“That just makes no sense— what does that mean?”

“Peace is taken by **force,**” Dante continued anyway and Techno sputtered exasperatedly.

“I thought that was what peace being— dude, whatever.” Technoblade gripped his staff, intent on his rapid fire attack all while Dante sloshed his slime volley through his lips. Just as the two seemed to be charging up, a voice cut through the air.

“Everyone help out!” Seraphine called out, wiping slime from her dress. She pulled herself from a puddle of slime before pointing towards Technoblade and Dante.

“SEND YOUR ENERGY TO YOUR LEADER, LOOK UP TO THE SKY!” Seraphine exclaimed and she joined her hands together. Something blue began emanating from it. Mana.

Everyone followed along, hands joined, gathering as much mana as they deemed necessary. Blue orbs of light fluttered to Technoblade who took the energy with a grin, watching in marvel and pride at the energy building up on his forearms.

“So much power,” Technoblade said softly, clenching a fist before glancing at Dante. The gelatin creature just stared, it was hard to tell what he was thinking at that moment. (We’d like to hope he was shaking in his boots at least.)

“But even this much energy won’t be able to destroy you, would it?”

“You’re right.” Dante sounded pleased, triumphant of a battle that hasn’t even ended. “This is how an era en—”

“Interruptin’ me before I even finish, typical,” Technoblade piped and the barest hint of a scowl forded on Dante’s face followed by silence. Techno smiled sweetly.

“See you’re a tough man, Dante. You enjoy power, don’t you?” Dante waited a moment before replying, like he’s trying to avoid getting scolded again.

“Power is the only way to ensure security,” he said. Technoblade nods, noncommittal.

“You enjoy power. I know lots of men like you who enjoy power and it’s hard satisfying you cause you always—” Techno laughed in between, like he’s remembering something funny. “—you always try to justify your greed. Safety for others. A love of your lands. A concern for others— unity even!

Whatever you guys convince yourselves, it all just goes back to the same thing. Power. Putting yourself above others because only you, only you, can be trusted with it.”

Technoblade had been toying with the Staff of the Rising Sun for a while before he just sunk it in the roof he’d been perching on, turning his back on it. He cracked his knuckles, still glowing blue from the abundance of mana he’d been given.

“When you need a place to settle, you call upon the community to create a home. When you’re lost and without someone to guide you, you appoint a leader. And when you need someone to smack some sense into a delusional tyrant hiding behind a sympathetic ploy to hide his greed for power, you call me: an anarchist.” Technoblade grinned, internally amused by the idea that he was annoying Dante with his speech or just pleased to ramble at all.

“And I have juuuuuust the thing to get rid of you.”

Dante grunted, obviously opposed to the idea and charged up another slime volley. One that splattered against the screen Technoblade held up— wait a screen?

Technoblade positioned the screen right in between Dante and him. His glowing hands danced on the keyboard before him, a look of total determination. What— Did Technoblade manage to learn some coding from the admins of that SMP he was from? Was he about to completely break skyblock apart, displease the gods with the sole purpose of taking down Dante?

The letters he was typing printed themselves out in large font. Murmurs of surprise sounded through the hub as the words came through.

‘/killdante.’ The absolute madlad. Surely not.

Dante must have thought the exact same thing when he exploded. Straight up popped like a zit without a second to even blink. His death wasn’t clean in the slightest. He didn’t blip out of existence, no, just like how he left an imprint in our minds, he left an imprint of the land, splattering slime and goo all over the town and its community members.

Excluding Technoblade who ducked behind his screen when it happened, and shot the slime covered crowd a thumbs up. The relief from Dante’s death was enough for them not to get too butthurt about it.

The war had been won.

Dante is no more.

The sun rises on skyblock once more.

Technoblade remained with us for one week before dipping out again. He's no mayor, he said, kinda goes against anarchistic values if you think about it. He left behind the Blood God's blessing and humble request.

"Please, god. Just let Barry win for once. Or at the very least make sure he's not in last place."

He turned away about to walk off before thinking it over.

"Also, please vote smarter next time." He added.

"Don't worry, we learnt our lesson—"

"YOOO! JERRY'S CAMPAIGNING—"

"SHUT UP, SHOW ME."

"LOOK AT HIS PERKS DUDE—"

"OH MY GOD, THAT'S HILARIOUS WE HAVE TO VOTE FOR HIM—"

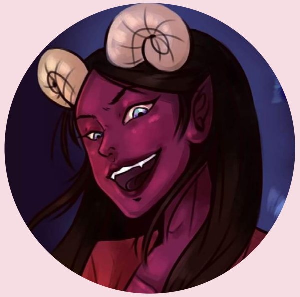
I mean it's just minecraft, we're allowed to have fun here.

@caprelii

art by TGDraw

Technochan
~~Technoblade~~
never dies!
pomooo26

writers



Aegis

I thrive on writing angst. I also have too many ideas for my own good only to finish writing around 10% of it but hey it’s still something.

🐦 t ADambMage **Ao3:** AegeanMage

Sabreel

Hiiii my name is Sabreel, I’m a technotwt writer who mainly writes clemerald duo but I branch out into other things occasionally!

🐦emeraldduos **Ao3:** Sabreel

Kate

Has 0 motivation, a horrible sleep schedule and immune system but joins big projects anyway.

🐦 Is2Kat **Ao3:** wineonwhitetee

dot / krow

Mischaracterisation is cringe but I try my best.

🐦kountkrow **Ao3:** kprdotexe

Wit

I write stories about fictional characters and spend 8 hours a day on twitter, come say hi! I like to think I’m funny, so if you laughed at anything in my fic, I’d be more than happy to hear it :]

🐦 lvrkaz

Sendy

Sendy is a Dream SMP writer, artist, and full-time Technoblade enjoyer. When she’s not writing fanfic or working on her latest artwork, she likes to play guitar and make music.

▶🐦verysendy **Ao3:** vsendy

AMA

I’ve been writing since I learned what letters are! Proudly consuming technocontent since 2015, writing technofanfics since 2020! Subscribe to Technoblade (and maybe to me on AO3)

🐦 SummoningFailed

Ao3: AlexandraMariaAnna

Jen

I’ve been a writer since I was just a teenager and I’ve been writing dsmp fics for over a year now. Im really glad to have been a part of this project!

🐦 SweetBeet_

artists

Zia

Did I prioritize a lot of my time during finals last year to make this project happen? Yes. I absolutely don't regret it

t 📷 🐦 ariziac

Block Art

"Good art, fond of pigs, talks too much about bugs. 3.5/5 stars" - Everyone

🐦 BlockDropArt1

Azr

Technoblade said "lesbian rights" and I live by those words.

📷 🐦 azreblue

Eli

Hi there, I'm Eli and I'm a digital artist!! Subscribe to Technoblade :D

📷 t 🐦 caprelii

Bleu

Hi i'm Bleu i like to draw :)

🐦 Blleeu

croudjay

Just dropped out of college for this. Was it worth it? Maybe. /hj

📷 🐦 croudjay

Takayama Kieran

Hello, my name is Kieran and I'm a digital artist and streamer who draws mainly original content, however I decided to join this zine as a way to create something for everyone to enjoy!

🐦 Takayama_Kieran

Twitch: TakayamaKieranVT

Inktea

Life is a roadtrip but I'm driving a clown car

🐦 ERO_RS 📷 inkbuntea t Inktea

artists

ether

^_^

etherly

Karithescarf

I am an italian self-taught artist who enjoys doing character designs and experimenting with lighting. Subscribe to Technoblade!

karithescarf

Cryss

i like long walks on the beach and having fun with my friends, not looking for anything serious, i hate drama, keep calm and ur mom

fyusia

kiwiest

kiwiest here! A bit about me: I would someday like to work as a full time artist after I finish college! ^-^

kiwiestkarina

inozuart

someone who draws too much technoblade for it to be healthy

inozuart

kneeva

kneeva

kloki

jester_u

Spur

Sporadic uploads and I like being left to my own devices. Crack treated seriously is my favorite ao3 tag, suggest me good ones if you feel like it. I hope you all enjoyed our work!

lurkn_ssprdyllc

artists

Yuan The Great

I love cheese. I am also lactose intolerant

pomooo26

MilqTea

Norwegian male who creates for dsmp and for multi other fandoms, puts way to much detail into one peice it's not even funny how long it takes.

owl_sin_king

Raylir

Been burning for 14 billion years and counting! Still figuring out colors though

RaylirYT Raylir

pamelloe

what up, i'm zoe, i'm 19, and i never learned how to use color theory

zoeee_hhh pamelloe

Kallisto

I have rewatched Techno's skyblock series at least 12 times. Yes, that's my hobby, why do you ask?

rna1045

plag

aroace child + painter >:) eternally sleep deprived but i'm trying my best

doctorplag

Sen

Hi I'm Sen. I'm a very consistent artist and editor mhm :)

senphires

artists

soup

A multifandom artist who has a small obsession with warm tones and colors :D

🐦 soupish_

Weaskie

I am a (semi)realism digital artist and technoblade enthusiast.

🐦 weaskie

TGdraw

Not sure if first person is how I should write this, but let's go for it. I'm an illustrator and comic maker when I'm not watching Technoblade content.

🐦 tiffany_petit

yapsatcha

I do art mainly as a hobby, and I enjoy drawing fan-content and my own characters sometimes.

🐦 yapsatcha

Cody

Just your local run-of-the-mill fanartist that only draws well when it's past midnight!

t 🐦 kuipersorbit

Jayv

As someone who draws mcyt, genshin, and dc comics- I am a fellow slave to wips and procrastination but continues to drawcause my ideas go wild

📷 t 🐦vassquerade

THANK YOU!

You finished reading **TO THE BLADE: A Technoblade Fanzine**

Comments are always welcome, please let us know what you think over on this google form! (click this box)